WHAT HAS SUCCESS DONE TO ROBERT TAYLOR?

Modern Screen

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MAY 11 1937
PERIODICAL DIVISION

NE

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UISE
AINER

Earl Christy

SIMONE SIMON DEFENDS HERSELF —AND HOW!

Dainty new vanishing cream

KEEPS UNDERARMS ABSOLUTELY DRY AND ODORLESS

lets dreams come true



A mere deodorant isn't enough. Perspiration wetness is as chilling to hearts as perspiration odor. TABOO completely disposes of both. Keeps underarms perfectly dry...keeps them absolutely odorless ...freshly sweet. And TABOO is as delightful itself as the charm it guards. Not medicinal. Just a smooth, delicately scented, pure white vanishing cream that instantly disappears into the skin, where it remains for days the loyal friend of romance. Remember... TABOO actually *stops* perspiration! Fifty cents at better toilet goods counters!

APPLY ONE NIGHT... BE SAFE FOR DAYS... **TABOO..**

Hearts were Trumps

[UNTIL SHE SMILED]



She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

THAT chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—*an opinion is formed, an impression made.*

And then—*she smiles!* What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

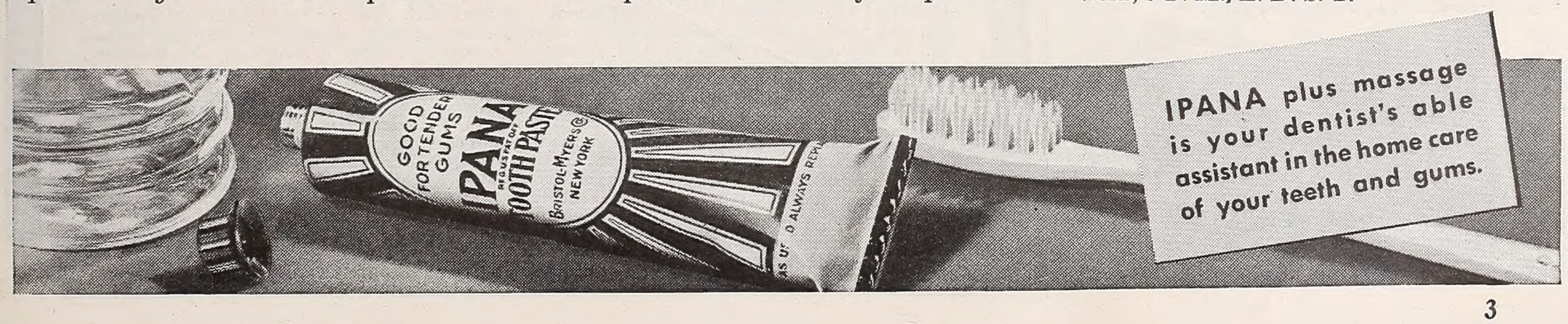
Play safe—*protect your smile!* If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* For "pink tooth brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It *may* be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is *emphatically* something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should decide.* Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, underworked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—*lovely, captivating!*

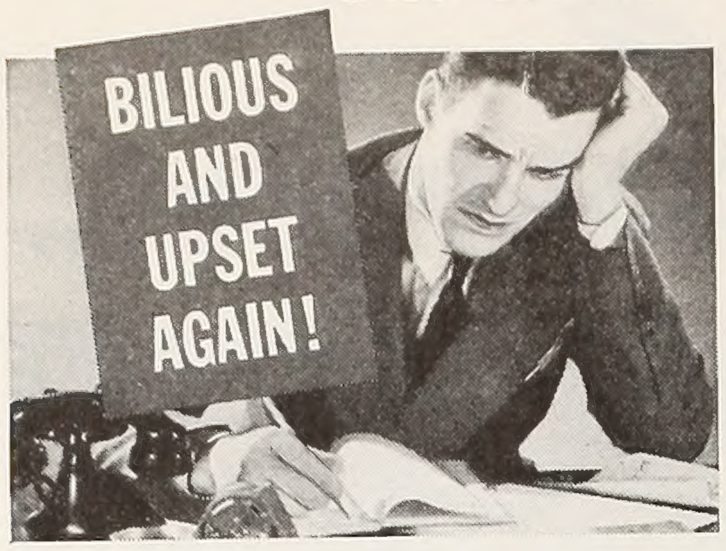
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LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

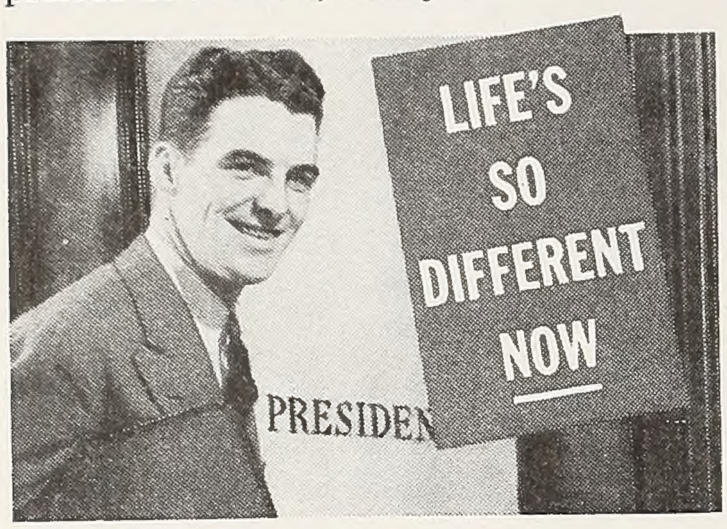


MAY -3 1937

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● One look at my coated tongue told me *why* I was headachy, desk-weary, out of sorts. I was constipated, bilious. But the laxatives I had always taken were so repulsive. Right there and then I decided to stop being a martyr to bad-tasting "doses." I got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, the popular chewing gum laxative my friends praised as *modern*, really different!



● FEEN-A-MINT worked like a charm. Next day I felt like a million. Headache gone. Stomach sweet as clover. Back came the old appetite and pep. I looked better, felt better, slept better. And believe me, FEEN-A-MINT is a pleasure to take. It really tastes good and it certainly acts smoothly! No wonder it's popular.



● According to scientists, one of the chief differences in FEEN-A-MINT is the 3 minutes of chewing. This is what helps make it so thorough and dependable. FEEN-A-MINT acts gently in lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping. No upset digestion. Not habit-forming. Economical. Try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious mint-flavored laxative used and praised by more than 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. Q-10, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c



Slightly Higher in Canada

MODERN SCREEN

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Leo Townsend, Hollywood Editor Abril Lamarque, Art Editor

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Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!

EVERY LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT TO **YOU!** WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG! THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU'LL LOVE IT!!

DOTSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF "NIGHT AT THE OPERA" WAS HILARIOUS THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER HILARIOUS!

THE MARX BROS. A DAY AT THE RACES

with Allan JONES • Maureen O'SULLIVAN

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm", "On Blue Venetian Waters", "A Message from the Man in the Moon" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"...

NEW!
vanishing cream
stops perspiration



FRESH NO. 2

- *a quick-drying cream—applied while dressing.*
- *stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days—deodorizes, too.*
- *daintily fragrant—NO medicinal odor.*
- *will not irritate.*

• Get a jar of Fresh No. 2 and marvel. Instead of a slow-to-dry liquid, just dab on Fresh No. 2—the amazing new quick-vanishing cream non-perspirant—and see how quickly it dries—see how quickly you can go right on with your dressing.

• And Fresh No. 2 can be applied anytime—even when you're all perspiry. For Fresh No. 2 not only stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days, but it *deodorizes, too.* Fresh No. 2 has no medicinal odor—it just gives you freshness.

• Get Fresh No. 2 today. Travel-size jar, 10c, at variety stores. Large tube, 50c, at toiletries counters.

The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Inc.,
Louisville, Kentucky

FRESH NO. 2
Stops perspiration
Stops odor



OFF TO HOLLYWOOD !



Besides visiting with the stars — and Glenda Farrell is one of your hostesses —our vacationers are in for a treat

By Jack Smalley

Glenda Farrell would like you to visit her!

IT'S GOING to be a party, a Gold Diggers' Party because Glenda Farrell pertly insists that all girls have a touch—just a touch—of the gold digger in them. And you're invited!

No typical feminine excuses such as, "I haven't a *thing* to wear," will get you out of it. Even the somewhat difficult problem of how to get there has been neatly solved by Modern Screen.

It's this way: figuring that everybody, even a poor woikin' gal, has to have a vacation, we've arranged for everything, down to the last detail, and you can now come to Hollywood on a two weeks' trip (or eleven days if you prefer) to see the world and meet the stars in person.

AS FOR the cost of all this, we've figured that out, too. By traveling in a house party, aboard a special train, and getting special rates at hotels, we've found that amazing economies can be made. You can come out for as little as $137! But you'll want to study all these details in the free, illustrated folder which is yours for the asking. It tells the itinerary of each of three trips, so you can arrange your vacation to suit any one of them.

Each tour has its starting point in Chicago, leaving July 2, Aug. 1, and August 15. So start saving or gold digging right now, and make your mind up to going on a vacation this year that you'll never forget!

You'll be crazy about Glenda Farrell. She's the grandest scout in all these here now Hollywoods, and her big home in San Fernando will be the scene of rare festivities when you arrive. She's to be hostess of the second tour leaving Aug. 1, according to present plans. Leo Carrillo is host of the first tour, entertaining at his Santa Monica ranch with a barbecue and fiesta, while Richard Arlen has the welcome mat out for the eleven-day trippers.

GLENDA IS now in England, making a picture at the Warner Brothers London studio, but she'll be back in plenty of time. It's her first trip abroad, and she's getting as big a kick out of her journey as you'll have crossing the Rockies and unlocking all those barred gates in Hollywood. This Farrell girl is forever doing the unexpected. Her friends arrived one night for a cocktail party and found Glenda, dressed in a lovely new evening gown, de-fleaing the cat on the back porch! Her house brims with noisy good humor when the gang drops in. She invited a star over for dinner one night, saying "Stokowski is coming and we'll just have a nice quiet evening."

"At the Farrells?" cracked the star.

One time Glenda got a letter from a high-school boy in Hollywood. He explained he had boasted about "his friend," Glenda Farrell, and now his schoolmates had decided he was just kidding them. So would she go with him to the school dance? And b'gosh, Glenda did! She's really terrific. Can you afford to miss her party?

Then, of (*Continued on page 98*)

In One Thrill-Packed Night

YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Mark Twain's immortal tale of RED-BLOODED ADVENTURE is yours with its thousand thrills now! . . . It's as exciting, as breathless, as amazing as the strange adventures of the two lads whose story has long stood first in the hearts of the world's readers!

WARNER BROS. present:

The PRINCE and the PAUPER



with

ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MacLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Seven months to film in the world's greatest motion picture studios!

Watch for Mark Twain's beloved story at your local theatre soon!

BOBBY—THE PRINCE

BILLY—THE PAUPER

NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT *For Your Body*



Make this body treatment YOUR DAILY BEAUTY HABIT

1. Relax fifteen minutes in tub of warm water. With pores open, cleanse deeply and thoroughly with a pure, bland soap.
2. Stimulate circulation briskly, but gently, with soft-textured towel.
3. Complete this Beauty Treatment with generous powdering of MAVIS. See how velvety smooth, youthful and alluring it makes your skin. All day long MAVIS keeps your body free from perspiration odors, stickiness and chafing . . . protects dainty underthings and *safeguards feminine daintiness.*

THRILLINGLY DIFFERENT

MAVIS, the luxury talcum, actually finer than most face powders, always leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts for hours. MAVIS is cooling, soothing, and refreshing. An intimate secret for body loveliness. *Truly invaluable for body comfort and body protection!*

Finer **THAN MOST FACE POWDERS**

SPECIAL OFFER

Sweetheart Charm Bracelet *with nine miniature reproductions of your loved ones. Read coupon on 25-cent can of MAVIS, at your neighborhood store today.*



MAVIS *For* BODY PROTECTION



THE BAROMETER TELLS A SIX MONTHS' POPULARITY STORY. ARE YOU BOOSTING YOUR FAVORITES?

Motion picture producers have their eyes on the Information Desk's trusty Barometer these days. They know it's your requests for life stories of your favorites that make the fascinating old needle swing responsively back and forth among the various young stars. They trust the Barometer implicitly because it's so infinitely much more instructive than any similar poll or questionnaire. Other polls announce who's tops on the first of January of each year. But January first is only one day out of 365. Your Barometer, on the contrary, tells a six months' popularity story, an ever changing story. Help complete the tale the needle tells, the tale the producers must read, by sending in your own requests —as many as you choose!

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

ROBERT TAYLOR (Last printed January, 1937. Total number of requests since then 600.) If success ever goes to Robert Taylor's head, dismayed leopards in every zoo in the country will start changing their spots. Right now, the leopards haven't much to worry about. Bob's personality is too well knit for conceit to alter it. He was brought up to take a serious, level-headed view of life. His earliest recollection is trotting off to medical school at the heels of his daddy, absorbing the ponderous lectures almost before he could talk. As a boy, he hoarded his pennies, not to buy himself a catcher's mitt, but to get his mother flowers. And at the age when a young man's fancy turns a bit prematurely to the opposite sex, Bob's vital interest in life was his music, his public speaking. A high-school speech won him a trip to Detroit—all the way from Beatrice, Nebraska. Later, at Doane College, he won a speaking prize right from under the noses of three ordained ministers, each of whom had been a contestant.



When Bob's music professor left Doane the Dean asked Bob whether he wouldn't fill the vacancy. So you see, there were plenty of things that could have turned Bob's head, even then. But Bob is distinctly the type that's much more conscious of his own limitations than of other people's estimation of himself. Rather than accept the job of youngest member of the Doane faculty, he followed his cello professor out to Pomona College, in California, to learn more. At Pomona, the boys and girls started out by calling Bob "The Sheik," but not for long. There is a certain unmistakable air of importance and purposiveness about Bob that sheds ridicule and flattery alike. And so at Pomona, as at Doane, he became the most respected undergraduate. When, as a result of the striking performances he had given in college dramatics, he was given an interview with Louis B. Mayer, that respect was confirmed.

The rest of Bob's story is history to all except Bob himself. His first pitiful pay check of $35.00; his fateful appearance in "Society Doctor" in the sympathetic but small role of a young interne; the sweeping flood of fan mail that his understanding and sincere portrayal occasioned; the fact that in less than one year he had become a second Valentino. To Bob there is nothing historical about any of this. It has not changed him. He goes on living the way he always did—quietly and very simply. He will not allow his public life to intrude on and destroy his private life, his personality. No one knows this better than "his girl," Barbara Stanwyck, his girl, because she, like himself, removes her glamor with her make-up. Bob's next picture, after "Personal Property" is "This Is My Affair."

SALLY GREBAUSKAS, Altoona, Pa.: You're not the only one who'd like to know who the trailers are in the Information Desk "request poll." As a matter of fact, we're not trying to keep it a secret. It's just that we haven't room in our Barometer for more than five names. If you or anyone else is

(*Continued on page* 89)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

.....

in your department.

Name.....

City..... State.....

WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

Revelling, fighting, marching with the mighty surge of America, they flamed in gaudy glory through the wildest, wickedest city on earth . . . these fabulous "robber barons" of the realm of Rule-or-Ruin ...building railroad empires by day, and flinging away their lives and fortunes on Pleasure's darlings by night!

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk ...reckless titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday . . . The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!



EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER
in
"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK"

Directed by
Rowland V. Lee

An Edward Small
Production

An RKO Radio Picture

"I was run-down—

"...looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



SSS TONIC

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accused (United Artists)	2★
The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1½★
Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia)	2½★
After the Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Along Came Love (Paramount)	2★
As You Like It (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount)	3½★
The Big Game (RKO)	3★
Black Legion (Warners)	3½★
Born to Dance (M-G-M)	3½★
Breezing Home (Universal)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
*Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
*Call It a Day (Warners)	4★
Camille (M-G-M)	4★
Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
The Captain's Kid (Warners)	1★
Career Woman (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Case of the Black Cat (Warners)	2★
Champagne Waltz (Paramount)	2½★
Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
College Holiday (Paramount)	2★
Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Come Closer Folks (Columbia)	1½★
Conflict (Universal)	2★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
Crack-Up (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Craig's Wife (Columbia)	3★
Criminal Lawyer (RKO)	2½★
Dangerous Number (M-G-M)	2★
Daniel Boone (RKO)	2★
*The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
A Doctor's Diary (Paramount)	2★
*Don't Pull Your Punches (Warners)	1★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
East Meets West (GB)	2★
Easy To Take (Paramount)	1½★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Everything is Thunder (GB)	2½★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2★
15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Fire Over England (London Film)	3★
Fugitive in the Sky (Warners)	2★
The Garden of Allah (Selznick-International)	3★
The Gay Desperado (United Artists)	4★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
*Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
God's Country and the Woman (Warners)	2★
Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warners)	3★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Go West, Young Man (Paramount)	2½★
Great Guy (Grand National)	3★
The Great O'Malley (Warners)	2★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
Hideaway Girl (Paramount)	1★
History Is Made at Night (Walter Wanger)	3★
Holy Terror (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
*I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Meade's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
The Jungle Princess (Paramount)	1★
Kidnaped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
Killer at Large (Columbia)	1★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Hockey (Warners)	1★
Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady from Nowhere (Columbia)	1½★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
Legion of Terror (Columbia)	1½★
Libeled Lady (M-G-M)	3★
Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Longest Night (M-G-M)	1★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love in Exile (GB)	2½★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Love Letters of a Star (Universal)	2★
Love on the Run (M-G-M)	3★
Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal)	2★
Mad Holiday (M-G-M)	2★
The Magnificent Brute (Universal)	2★
Maid of Salem (Paramount)	3★
Make Way for a Lady (RKO)	1★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
*Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
The Man I Marry (Universal)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
The Man Who Lived Again (GB)	2½★
*Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Men Are Not Gods (United Artists)	2★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*The Mighty Treve (Universal)	1★
*Mind Your Own Business (Paramount)	2★
More Than a Secretary (Columbia)	2★
Mummy's Boys (RKO)	2★
*Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steel Is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
Night Waitress (RKO)	2★
*Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
*Park Avenue Logger (RKO)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Pennies From Heaven (Columbia)	2★
Penrod and Sam (Warners)	2★
*Personal Property (M-G-M)	3★
Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Plot Thickens (RKO)	2★
The Plough and the Stars (RKO)	3★
The President's Mystery (Republic)	2½★
*Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racing Lady (RKO)	2★
Rainbow on the River (RKO)	3★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Rembrandt (London Film)	4★
Reunion (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*She's Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Sinner Take All (M-G-M)	2½★
Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO)	2★
*The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2★
*Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
*Step Lively Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Stolen Holiday (Warners)	2½★
Stowaway (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
*Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Swing Time (RKO)	4★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M)	2★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Girl from Paris (RKO)	3★
*That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia)	2★
Three Married Men (Paramount)	1★
Three Men on a Horse (Warners)	3★
Three Smart Girls (Universal)	3½★
Time out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Trailin' West (First National)	1★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under Cover of Night (M-G-M)	2★
Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount)	2½★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Walking On Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO)	2★
Wedding Present (Paramount)	2★
*We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
We're on the Jury (RKO)	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
*When Love Is Young (Universal)	2★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
White Hunter (20th Century-Fox)	1★
White Legion (Grand National)	1½★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Winterset (RKO)	4★
Without Orders (RKO)	2★
Wives Never Know (Paramount)	2★
The Woman Alone (GB)	3★
Woman in Distress (Columbia)	1½★
A Woman Rebels (RKO)	2★
Woman Wise (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Only Live Once (United Artists)	3★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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"I've always longed to be more attractive, more lovely...and to think that at last I found the secret in make-up. I could hardly believe that the magic of color could work such a miracle, but now I understand why Hollywood's stars depend on Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up."

Just as thousands of girls have experienced this thrill, you, too, can have an adventure in beauty if you try your color harmony in make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It is powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades for your individual type, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. See how the magic of color harmony make-up will give you new loveliness, make you more attractive, just as it does for these famous stars.



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in Columbia's "LOST HORIZON"



ROSALIND KEITH
—Columbia Star, illustrates Hollywood's new way to remove make-up with Max Factor's Melting Cleansing Cream.



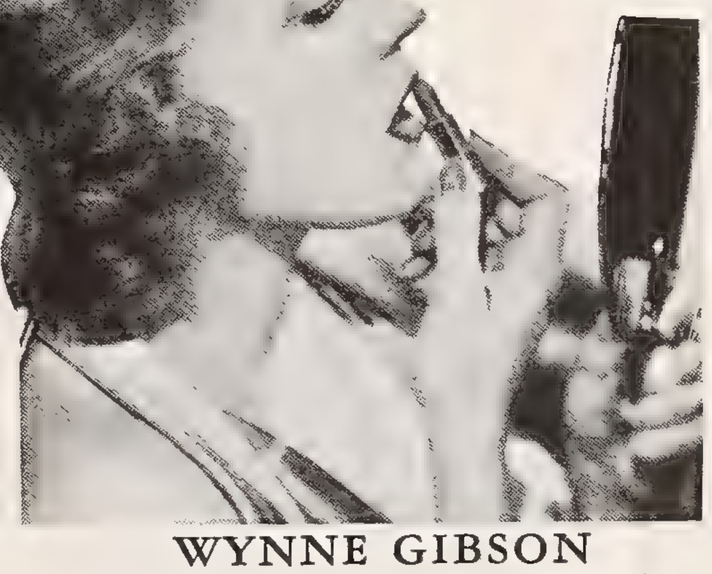
JOAN PERRY
in Columbia's "THE DEVIL IS DRIVING"

The Powder Beautifies Your Skin

THE very first time you make up with Max Factor's Face Powder in your color harmony shade you will note an amazing difference. Your skin will appear smoother, lovelier. The warm youthful color tone will be more flattering. And hours later your make-up will still be beautiful. Max Factor's Powder... one dollar.

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THE delicate, lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion colorings. You'll be surprised how much more attractive you will be. Creamy-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Rouge is unusually easy to blend...fifty cents.



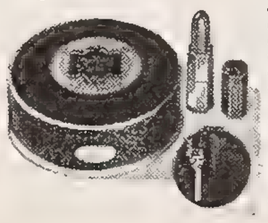
WYNNE GIBSON
in Columbia's "RACKETEERS IN EXILE"

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YOU can depend upon Max Factor's Lipstick to give your lips a lovely color that will add worlds of attraction to your beauty. And because it's super-indelible and moisture-proof, you can be sure it will withstand every lipstick test. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick...one dollar.

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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



–"why don't I get Mennen Antiseptic Powder to fight off germs?"

"Gosh, I can hardly keep from cryin'. Why do they use ordinary baby powder on me —when they might just as easy give me Mennen Borated Powder—the kind that's Antiseptic. My Doc says this powder keeps a feller's skin safe from germs and infection. And—Gee willikens—that's what I want! Believe me, germs are the things that scare me. Besides . . . my Doc says this Mennen Powder is swell for preventin' chafin', and that it heals up bruises and prickly heat quicker 'n anything else. So please somebody tell my mother to get me Mennen Antiseptic Powder."

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined —that's what a recent survey by a leading medical journal showed.

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THE BABY POWDER THAT HELPS PREVENT INFECTION

BETWEEN YOU

Nine money prizes go to contributors each month. Why not give Lady Luck a chance?



The music in some pictures is driving patrons crazy. Do you resent it, too?

CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS

Why can't we send YOU a check next month? Just write a letter about the movies, the stars—choose your own topic, but remember that your subject is movies. If you have something interesting to say, say it in your own way. There are no rules; no deadlines. If your letter doesn't appear in the next issue, watch for it in the following one. Send as many contributions as you like. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Would You Have Chosen Them?

Up until last week, if I had had to choose a good-looking quality actor for a serious, youthful, romantic lead in an expensive production, I should have had to choose from three—Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Ronald Colman, the only men, in my opinion, fine enough actors and sufficiently good-looking and young in appearance to win the heart of a connoisseur.

Rarely does one find a handsome, ex-tremely young man who portrays depth of character convincingly. Robert Taylor, although handsome, is no more than a playboy, regardless of his role. Likewise Errol Flynn, who grinned amiably through the serious "Green Light."

However, I have enjoyed another memorable picture—"Lloyds of London"—was captivated by the heavy-lashed, deep-set, expressive, dark eyes and beautiful mouth of the exceedingly young leading man, pleased with his slender figure. I was jubilant to find the all important poise and a speech that was exactly right—not oratorical or stagey, not amateurishly mouthed or annoyingly high-pitched.

May I recommend Tyrone Power as the youngest and most handsome of the quality actors?—L. Golden, Wichita, Kansas.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Shirley Temple, Trouper

Why, with all the popularity that Shirley Temple enjoys, are there people who will not believe that she is really the adorable little angel she portrays? Why aren't they thankful for her loveliness, her really childlike simplicity, and why bewail the fact that she doesn't portray a problem child? Shirley's curls are indeed a bit too perfect; but I have seen such well-be-haved hair before, and natural, too.

Shirley, in growing, has lost her baby-prettiness, but regardless of her knowing what it is all about when she acts, how could she still look the baby of three-and-a-half at the age of eight? She has lost some of her spontaneity, but she has the *joie de vivre* which goes into the making of a great personality, and after over four years of trouping, who wouldn't change?



A Yonkers Miss complains 'cause Nelson Eddy doesn't appear in every issue of Modern Screen!

What is detrimental and deplorable in her career is that her sponsors are solely depending upon her appeal to put her over, not giving her the varied material she should have, and letting her get "into a rut."—Leontine Brennan, New Orleans, La.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Treat Gene Autry as a Parlor Hero!

First, I am an infatuated young thing of sixteen, and since I am as giddy as the

'N' ME

rest of the species, nothing I say or do will be held against me, will it?

I respond to knee jerks, have no spots before my eyes, and no one ever dropped me in my younger days, yet there must be something dreadfully wrong—because my favorite movie star is a cowboy!



What, Gene Autry, ain'tcha got no Fan Club? Well, one of this month's winners is going to fix that.

Results of Between You 'n' Me Popularity Poll appear on Page 88.

The object of my adoration is one who has created the most popular type of cowboys in movie history—singing cowboys—and the most popular type of Westerns—musical Westerns. I am referring to that singing, smiling, oh-so-charming, Texan heart-breaker, Gene Autry.

Please, please, won't you treat Gene as a "parlor hero" and print portraits of him and interviews, 'n' everything? Puleeze! If I said "Please print a BIG picture of Gene Autry," you wouldn't bat an editorial eyelash, would you? But if I said the same thing nine hundred and ninety-nine times, count 'em—(*No, we're not mathematically inclined, so we just glanced at those twenty-seven and a half pages of "Please print a BIG," etc. and decided that one of us must be mad.—Editor's Note.*)

Now, maybe you might print a big picture of Gene Autry . . . maybe . . . huh?—Grace Dugan, Gene-Autry's-Fan-Club-President-without-a-Fan-Club, La Crosse, Wis.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Too Much Music in Pictures?

The music in the greater percentage of motion pictures is so loud as to drive one who sits and listens to it for an hour or more almost mad. I have actually sat in a theatre and held my ears to shut out some of the blaring so-called music. I have seen otherwise fine pictures ruined simply by the music which was played during the entire picture and even during dialogue, when I have had to strain my ears to hear what the actors were saying.

There certainly is no relaxation in going to a picture that puts one under such a strain. I believe that music has its place in every production, but why doesn't the music director realize that much of the music is too loud and that there are many places in a picture where there should be absolutely no music.

I feel that I voice the opinion of many in this letter and hope that it may have a good influence toward softer and less music in pictures.—Mrs. J. F. Remaley, Du Bois, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Tanx, Pat

Fetch me my sun glawses! I'm positively dazzled by that April issue of MODERN SCREEN, of course. It was colossal, gigantic, magnificent—oh, gee, it was scrumptious. That scoop—Off Their Guard—was delicious and the Good News was so newsy—I just et it up. The snapshots of the stars "here and there" are always swell.

But, oh, yes, there's always a but—something vitally important was missing in that almost perfect issue. There was nothing about Nelson Eddy in it.

Also, have a heart and make the crossword puzzle just a leetle easier. I was in a sweat trying to figure out this one. And you can imagine my surprise, amazement, astonishment, etc., when I discovered that Greta Garbo was the girl in the picture. My, how you've changed, Greta.—Patricia Madden, Yonkers, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Picture Stealer No. 1

Just recently I forgot to watch what the stars were doing in "The Gay Desperado" because my attention was called to the scenes where a dirty, unkempt-looking Indian did nothing but sit around looking very glum. Once or twice he favored the audience with a sneer or a very disgusted look. He spoke a few lines also. When

(*Continued on page 14*)

fast colors but no boiling



Actual photo of a single drop of ordinary dye on dry material—takes time to soak in—requires prolonged boiling!

Rit contains a special penetrating substance—soaks into the fabric instantly! Rit is the *only* dye with this feature.

FOR tints, use only warm water! For dark colors, even black, just *simmer*—the difference of 40° is easier on your clothes, easier on *you!* There's a special penetrating substance in Rit that makes the color soak in quickly, evenly. Gorgeous colors are easy now. If you haven't tried Rit *recently* you'll be amazed by its new formula—*found in no other dye!*

NEWS! Perhaps it's news to you that Rit is NOT a SOAP—new formula makes it dissolve instantly like lump sugar!

Use WHITE RIT Color Remover *first*—harmless as boiling water—takes out old color so you can dye dark things lighter. Removes stains. Really whitens white goods.



Never say "Dye" – say RIT!

RIT

TINTS & DYES



"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours — instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara — to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature — your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands — eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world — by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands — the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow — it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold vanity—Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, with brush in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

I left the theatre I kept thinking, "Anybody who can sit through a whole picture and do practically nothing, and still make himself noticed must be good."

Yes, you've guessed it—the gent I mean is Mischa Auer!—J. Sawyer, Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The Autograph Racket

It is high time that someone came to the defense of cinema stars in an effort to put an end to the rackets so many of their adoring fans are engaged in.

Take the autograph hound. In trailing an actress to get her John Hancock on a piece of paper, he pushes, intrudes, and acts rude, generally, in his effort. If the star refuses to come across, the fan calls her an old meanie, a snob, or a dozen other undeserved epithets. He sees only the player's refusal to be victimized—not his own rudeness and lack of common decency. So he says to himself, "Well, I'll be darned if I ever see *that* dame in another film."

As to fan mail, why should a star be compelled to hire secretaries to answer the frothings of a bunch of adolescent minds? It's a racket and film players should not be criticized for objecting to it.

"But," you say, "don't we pay our good money to see these stars in the movies?"

Yes, my dears, you do. But why should you think you are doing *them* a favor by going? Don't *you* get about three hours of grand entertainment for your money? The price of your ticket merely entitles you to be entertained by the players; saying that they owe you something for having enjoyed them in the pictures isn't exactly fair.—Mrs. C. Anderson, Flushing, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
How About It, Clark?

On seeing a letter about Robert Taylor not answering his fan mail in a recent Between You and Me column, I'd like to make it public that Mr. Taylor answered my request very promptly.

However, my complaint is that Clark Gable hasn't answered one of the six letters I've written him since 1932. In each case, I've allowed him six months to answer, but still no reply. Eighteen months ago, I even bought a photo and sent it to him to autograph and return. I've never seen it since!

I still think that Mr. Gable's secretary is to blame, as I cannot imagine Clark himself ignoring requests for an autograph.

If you see this, Mr. Gable, please send me one without a mustache—personally autographed to me. I think I deserve it, don't you?—E. Moorhouse, Liverpool, England.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Is That Nice, Mr. Taylor?

I would like to make a complaint about Robert Taylor's famous secretaries. About three months ago, I sent Mr. Taylor an autograph book to sign. I enclosed the money for its return, yet I have never seen it again. The least that could have been done would have been to send the book back. Signed or unsigned, I still want it.

Just to show the difference between stars, I had sent that same book to Nelson Eddy. In a few weeks time I received my book, beautifully wrapped, with the longed-for signature inside.—Ellen Leclerc, Montreal, Canada.

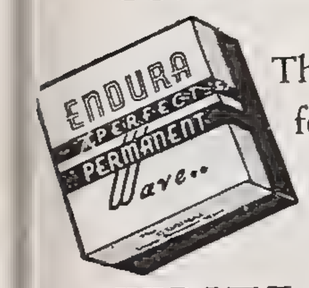
Theres No Romance

IN STRAGGLY END CURLS

NOW YOU CAN **PERMANENT** WAVE
THOSE STRAGGLY ENDS AT HOME

A COMPLETE ENDURA SET...EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR TEN WINSOME CURLS, **25c** * Here's a new beauty secret from Hollywood studios, Endura Ten Curl permanent. Endura keeps your newly grown end and side curls lovely and attractive and makes your permanent last twice as long. Without machines, heat or electricity you can quickly and easily give these straggly locks a permanent wave, yourself, at home. Do not confuse Endura with dry curlers, for Endura gives you a *machineless permanent*. Try Endura tonight and you too will agree with 100,000 smart women who have used and approved this amazing new aid to beauty and romance. Endura is featured by leading Drug Stores, Department Stores, Five and Ten Cent Stores, everywhere.

** AND HERE'S THE GREATEST NEWS OF ALL...NOW YOU CAN GIVE YOURSELF A COMPLETE PERMANENT AT HOME FOR $1



This size contains 50 curlers, lotion, rinse, foil and instructions — everything you need for complete machineless home permanent.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

"A Preview of Hollywood Hair Styles." This interesting booklet will show you how simple it is to follow the latest Hollywood hair dresses with Endura. Write today to the Endura Corporation, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me your free Endura folder "A Preview of Hollywood Hair Styles" by return mail.

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DINING WITH



By Marjorie Deen

Waiting for company? No, dinner for two, this time. The Ameches are ready for some of Honore's Fried Chicken.

Cherries, Philadelphia cream cheese and nuts help to make this delicious fruit salad a springtime delight.





THERE'S ALWAYS a "Welcome" on the mat at Don Ameche's charming Spanish-style hillside house. Don and his attractive blonde young wife, Honore, are hospitable souls, and they live up to the meaning of their name, Ameche—an anglicized version of the Italian word for friends.

Giving Sunday night suppers is one of their favorite ways of dispensing hospitality. For some of these informal get-togethers they issue invitations. But they also love to have people just drop in and stay as long as they like. And as guests usually "like" to stay for hours and hours in their little house with the wide windows, overlooking the beautiful Encino Valley, chances are that even the most casual callers will find themselves being asked to dinner.

It's amazing, when you think of it, that the Ameches are always prepared for the "extra guests." At least, it seems so to me. And more amazing, still, is the fact that there's never any confusion in their household over these last-minute additions, in spite of the fact that Honore runs her home quite simply. When Don brings home a surprise dinner guest any old night of the week, his unruffled wife is actually glad, she told me. To which I could only gasp that this certainly made her "tops" with me, in housewifely patience and consideration.

Or maybe you don't think that this is so remarkable. Maybe you, too, are one of those sweet souls who can give a warm reception to hubby's boss, or your own Aunt Nelly, when they march in without warning—just when you're planning on lamb chops for dinner, too! Well, in my opinion, even the most hospitable, versatile hostess would have some excuse for being flustered under those circumstances, for somehow you just can't "stretch" a lamb chop, can you?

But according to Honore, you can serve a fine meal, even on such short notice, or rather, on no notice at all. Perhaps I had better explain here that Don Ameche's capable young wife had considerable experience as a dietitian in and around Chicago, before her marriage, so it's safe to say she knows what she's talking about.

Not only did she give me some swell suggestions that I'm going to pass on to you—ideas which will show you how to pad and stretch the meals originally intended for "just the family," so as to prove ample for an additional two or three —but she also gave me some grand recipes for dishes.

There will be room to give you a couple of these recipes of hers,

Uninvited guests don't worry the Ameches—Honore knows how

DON

later on. The others, which I shall tell you more about as we go along, have been printed up on recipe cards, and are yours for the asking. Just fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article, and you'll receive a copy of all of them, absolutely free! They'll make the same hit, I'll wager, with your family and the friends that drop in on you unexpectedly, as they do with Don Ameche and his friends. And that's saying quite a lot, judging from the things Don had to say about Honore's catering.

LET'S SEE then, what would we be likely to have if we were to drop in on the Ameches? It wouldn't be elaborate fare, I can promise you that. Wholesome American cooking at its best would probably be prepared for you, according to Honore's directions. Well-seasoned meat dishes; that good old vegetable standby, corn, in a tasty new guise; shrimps in a delectable sauce, just so as not to overlook the fish family entirely. Then there is that justly popular favorite, spaghetti, further enhanced by a quickly-made, filling meat-sauce. For luncheon, there would be a fruit salad, perhaps, with the one pictured at the beginning of this article holding a deserved place of honor. Nor must I forget to mention the lightest, most speedily thrown together small cakes I've ever tried.

For, of course, I have tried out all these recipes myself, since meeting the Ameches, not only to satisfy my own curiosity, but to be sure, as always, that I left nothing out when copying them down for you. That's how I'm able to tell you about each one of these delectable dishes from first-hand knowledge as well as from hearsay. So let's start on this list of good things to eat that I've just outlined for you, and while taking them up one by one, we can also discuss some of (*Continued on page 72*)

The Modern Hostess, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Don Ameche's Company Recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

to "stretch" meals

rising from his box, he tried to address the men as on
ened, might
ments The te
e the in adv
vided tained
uisite referen
luxe Every
ions.

PERSONAL

BOB, I can't stand it any longer. Your constant criticism is driving me crazy. I'm going away for good.
Daisy.



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★★ Call It a Day

Here is one of those completely enjoyable pictures which comes along every once in a while and surprises everyone, including, perhaps, its producers. The story is a delightful bit of semi-fantasy, dealing with a day in the lives of a rather staid English family. Spring comes to all of them at once, and each one gets involved in his own little romantic complication. The father (Ian Hunter), a conservative accountant, finds himself hopelessly involved with an American actress. The mother (Frieda Inescort) is horrified to discover herself almost compromised by a sudden suitor (Roland Young) from the Far East. The eldest daughter (Olivia de Havilland) is smitten by the charms of a portrait painter (Walter Woolf King). The son (Peter Willes) gives up his plans to motor on the Continent when he gets a look at the gal next door (Anita Louise). And the younger daughter (Bonita Granville) falls in love with a painting. Incidentally, Bonita again proves herself a remarkable little actress.

Everything everyone does is beautifully daffy, and the dialogue writers have contrived swell comedy for them. There are also top-notch performances by Alice Brady, the well-meaning friend of Frieda Inescort, and Peggy Wood, as the painter's understanding wife. "Call It a Day" represents the best all-around acting of the season. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Warner Bros.*



★★★ Swing High, Swing Low

The revised and modernized edition of the old play, "Burlesque," turns out to be more than agreeable entertainment, mainly because of the engaging presence of Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray and the intelligent direction of Mitchell Leisen, who guided the same pair through "Hands Across the Table." In the play the central character was a hoofer; in the picture he's a hot trumpet player.

Miss Lombard, as the gal who marries MacMurray and watches his hot trumpeting send him up the ladder of Broadway fame and down again, demonstrates a surprising ability for heavy dramatics. Her comedy sequences, of course, are handled with her usual flair. The role of the irresponsible musician offers Fred MacMurray exactly the type of role for which he's best suited, and he makes the most of it.

Another Lombard surprise is her singing of "I Hear a Call to Arms," which she vocalizes with excellent results. Other good tunes are the title number and "Panamania," sung by Dorothy Lamour, who does a nice bit of work as the Other Woman. Swell comedy romance is furnished by Charlie Butterworth and Jean Dixon, and smaller roles are ably handled by Harvey Stephens, Charles Judels and Cecil Cunningham.—*Paramount.*

★★★ History Is Made at Night

Romance comes to the restaurant business in this light-hearted comedy of emotional conflict, all of which should be good news to those who heretofore have regarded their favorite dining place as a more or less prosaic and commercial establishment. In real life, one finds, the main trouble is that headwaiters are seldom Charles Boyer. The screen, which can always stretch a point or two, makes M. Boyer maître d' of a smart Paris restaurant. Wandering into the kitchen, you'll find Leo Carrillo acting as chef, and proclaiming himself the world's finest. On his night off, M. Boyer meets Jean Arthur, the estranged wife of a wealthy English shipbuilder, and they fall in love. Complications arise, and the psychopathically jealous husband makes life miserable for the two of them, climaxing his hatred for them by running one of his own ships, on which they are passengers, into an iceberg. Outside of this rather fantastic bit of drama, which attempts a climax obviously inspired by "San Francisco," the film is amusing and gay. Boyer adds to his repertoire of skilfully etched portrayals, and Jean Arthur continues to be one of the most delightful of the screen's feminine players. Leo Carrillo's comedy is sure-fire, and Colin Clive ably portrays the jealous husband. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 10

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★★ Maytime

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy continue their series of co-starring ventures with a musical which is certain to be the season's tops in sweetness. M-G-M has spared no expense in dropping apple blossoms all over the scenery, and the performances of the two stars are in keeping with the saccharine atmosphere which surrounds them.

If you don't remember the story, it's the one about the young singer who gives up love and happiness to marry her concert manager, who was responsible for her career. It is told in retrospect, with Jeanette MacDonald in the earlier scenes as an old woman giving counsel to a young girl about to make the same mistake she herself made.

"Maytime" is recommended because it allows Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy more than ample opportunity to display their vocal talents. The music offered runs the gamut, from "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" to a cleverly contrived opera set to the music of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. Miss MacDonald's most fetching number is "Sweetheart," from "Maytime's" original Romberg score, and Mr. Eddy is most effective in a lusty drinking song. Acting honors go to John Barrymore, while Tom Brown, Lynne Carver and Rafaela Ottiano give fine performances.—*M-G-M.*

★★★ Seventh Heaven

"Seventh Heaven," any confirmed movie-goer will recall, was the picture which brought stardom to Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. The same producing company now emerges with a new version of that love story of the Paris streets, and it will probably do as much for Simone Simon and Jimmy Stewart as it did for the Gaynor-Farrell team. This doesn't mean, of course, that we're due for a series of Simon-Stewart co-starring vehicles. One good reason for that is that they're under contract to different studios. But "Seventh Heaven" will bring each of them the acclaim and the popularity which many players wait years to attain.

Simone brings a poignant beauty to her role of Diane, and Stewart, as Chico, the sewer worker who becomes Diane's lover, establishes himself as one of the better actors among the screen's leading men. He is especially good in the scenes of his exultation over becoming "a man of position"—a street cleaner. Best in the supporting cast is Gregory Ratoff, as an exuberant hack-driver friend of Chico's. Almost as good is Victor Kilian, "a man of position," who welcomes Chico into his select company. Others interesting in smaller roles are Gale Sondergaard, Jean Hersholt, John Qualen and J. Edward Bromberg. Directed by Henry King. —*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Personal Property

This is a remake of "Man in Possession," which starred Robert Montgomery several seasons back. In its 1937 version it exhibits the charms of Bob Taylor and Jean Harlow, who represent pretty near the tops in Hollywood's male and female beauty these days.

The story concerns the black sheep of an English family who casts amorous eyes on the fiancée of his stuffy older brother. The lovely lady is about to be ejected from her home by a mercenary sheriff, and our hero, in order to be near her, goes on the sheriff's payroll and a one-man sit-down strike in the gal's home to make sure she doesn't move out her belongings before the law can take its course. It's an amusing situation, and it will do critics no good to report that many of the incidents are phony and that a number of the gags are reminiscent of the old vaudeville days.

Audiences will love the picture because of the presence of the two stars. Bob Taylor's acting is improving with each new picture, but he still seems to find himself a bit uncomfortable in nonchalant comedy roles of this type. Jean Harlow exhibits all her attractions effectively, and in the supporting cast Reginald Mason, E. E. Clive, Cora Witherspoon and Forrester Harvey are outstanding. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*M-G-M.*

More Reviews on Page 104

By Leo Townsend

It's a gala month, picture-goers, for movie fare's gay and snappy

MEN OF THE MOMENT



Brian Aherne's a handsome gent and a fine actor, so why don't you clamor for his photograph? There's a reason.



That attractive male platinum, Gene Raymond (right), should be a big star. But, somehow, he just isn't. Why?

Now, there's Clark Gable, on the other hand. Yes, indeed, there's C. G.—way up thar' in the film firmament, where the girls can see and adore him.

HOLLYWOOD, glamor center of the world, probably harbors more broken hearts—and hopes—than any other given metropolis. Thousands travel each year to the cinema city to try their luck in the fickle films. With the possible exception of Broadway, it is the toughest nut to crack that has ever grown.

Yet, on the other hand, Fate is kind to a select group which she deems worthy of her far too few smiles, for occasionally there are those who, overnight, rise to the heights. Among these are our "men of the moment" —the matinee idols of today.

Did you ever wonder why Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Errol Flynn achieved fame? Or why some of the finest actors have failed to click as idols? Some claim that stars are born and not made, while others insist that it's all just luck.

Robert Taylor once remarked, "I only hope my *luck* will hold out until I can learn to act."

Whether or not he's a great actor, you'll have to admit that Mr. Taylor has done all right for himself. Today he is the most popular young star in the picture business. Yes, Bob is a bonafide, dyed-in-the-wool matinee idol. The public took to him like the proverbial duck to water and he is

By Robert H. McIlwaine

Do you know that there's a vast difference between acting ability and star stuff—and that the boys who have "it" become matinee idols?

the only person ever to equal the record for sudden popularity set by the late Rudolph Valentino.

On the other hand, there is Brian Aherne. One of the finest actors on either side of the Atlantic, he is nevertheless not a near-idol for even a single matinee. The reason isn't lack of opportunity with this man, for he is one of the busiest of our leading men. Dividing his time between films and the legitimate stage, Aherne doesn't have an idle moment.

Lately seen in "Beloved Enemy," and acclaimed by the critics as a fine actor, he still failed to click as a big picture personality. Perhaps there are several explanations for this. I wonder if one could be that he doesn't possess the warm appeal that is so necessarily a part of personality; that is, if said personality is to be taken into the hearts of the public. The majority of movie audiences are comprised of women, and the ladies *do* like to look on their stars with romance-tinted glances rather than histrionic prowess.

Brian Aherne is certainly an attractive, intelligent man and there isn't a girl who wouldn't think him most entertaining over a cocktail or dinner. Nevertheless, her interest would usually remain of a cordial but impersonal nature.

This past winter when Aherne appeared on the Broadway stage with Walter Huston in "Othello," he scored a tremendous success. In fact, his New York audiences took him to their hearts, mentally aiding and abetting him in his dastardly schemes as the treacherous Iago. They gloried in his villainy and applauded him lavishly, proving (*Continued on page 109*)

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard,*

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Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE

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Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

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THE DEB'S DELIGHT

Believe it or not, several movie Misses have proposed to Johnny that it would be grand to be Mrs. Downs!

Looks like Eleanore Whitney and Kay Griffith have a neat hold on the young man. And Johnny isn't complaining.

By Ben Maddox

JOHNNY DOWNS never had a date until a year ago. He never went to a conventional school a single day in his life. Although he typifies Young America at its best, ranging in pictures from home boy to snappy undergraduate, he himself has never experienced the everyday family life nor has he ever been rushed by a fraternity.

Now, at half-past twenty-two, he is really one more example of the strangeness of the most extraordinary city in the world. If anyone deserves to be catalogued as Exhibit A, young man of Hollywood, Johnny does. For he hasn't just drifted into the spotlight; he isn't recently movie-struck. Actually, he is a genuine product of the film industry. Literally, he is the one new juvenile who grew up in its atmosphere.

His childhood was spent before the cameras. During his high-school age he was touring the country, making personal appearances. When he might have been a freshman for dear old U. S. C., he was pounding the pavements of Broadway to get another nod from Hollywood's moguls.

He still hasn't a house. He's known a series of apartments and his backyard was usually Hollywood Boulevard. He must use his imagination to figure out what it would be like to stay in one neighborhood and have the same friends. He never had a chance at the high-school play, you see, nor a crack at football. If, today, he should receive an invitation to a prom, and could make it, he'd be the perfect escort, but inside himself he'd be overwhelmed with a weird excitement.

Because when it was time for Johnny to enroll in the first grade, he went into films instead. The studios have been his alma mater, awarding him better roles in lieu of diplomas, and no part at all rather than a summons to the principal's office. He got reviews in place of report cards. The casting directors have been his deans.

In person Johnny Downs is good-looking, well-bred and exactly dashing enough. He is the type who, on a date, could be swell fun without being flip. He might want to neck, but he wouldn't want to be naughty. So no wonder the pick of Hollywood's younger set are glad to go out with him. Indeed, he is the movie deb's delight! Medium tall, with a lithe strength behind his slimness, his eyes and hair are that warm brown, and his complexion that olive shade, that most girls seem to be specifying in a model boy friend. He doesn't throw his vigor at you, either. Johnny's vital without being perpetually peppy.

He not only conducts himself like a gentleman, but—perhaps more amazing—he *thinks* like one. It's pretty astonishing to find him the sort of fellow he is after constant exposure to Hollywood. The answer to whether he's a gay young blade is yes—and no. It requires, like Johnny, a deal of explaining. (*Continued on page 102*)

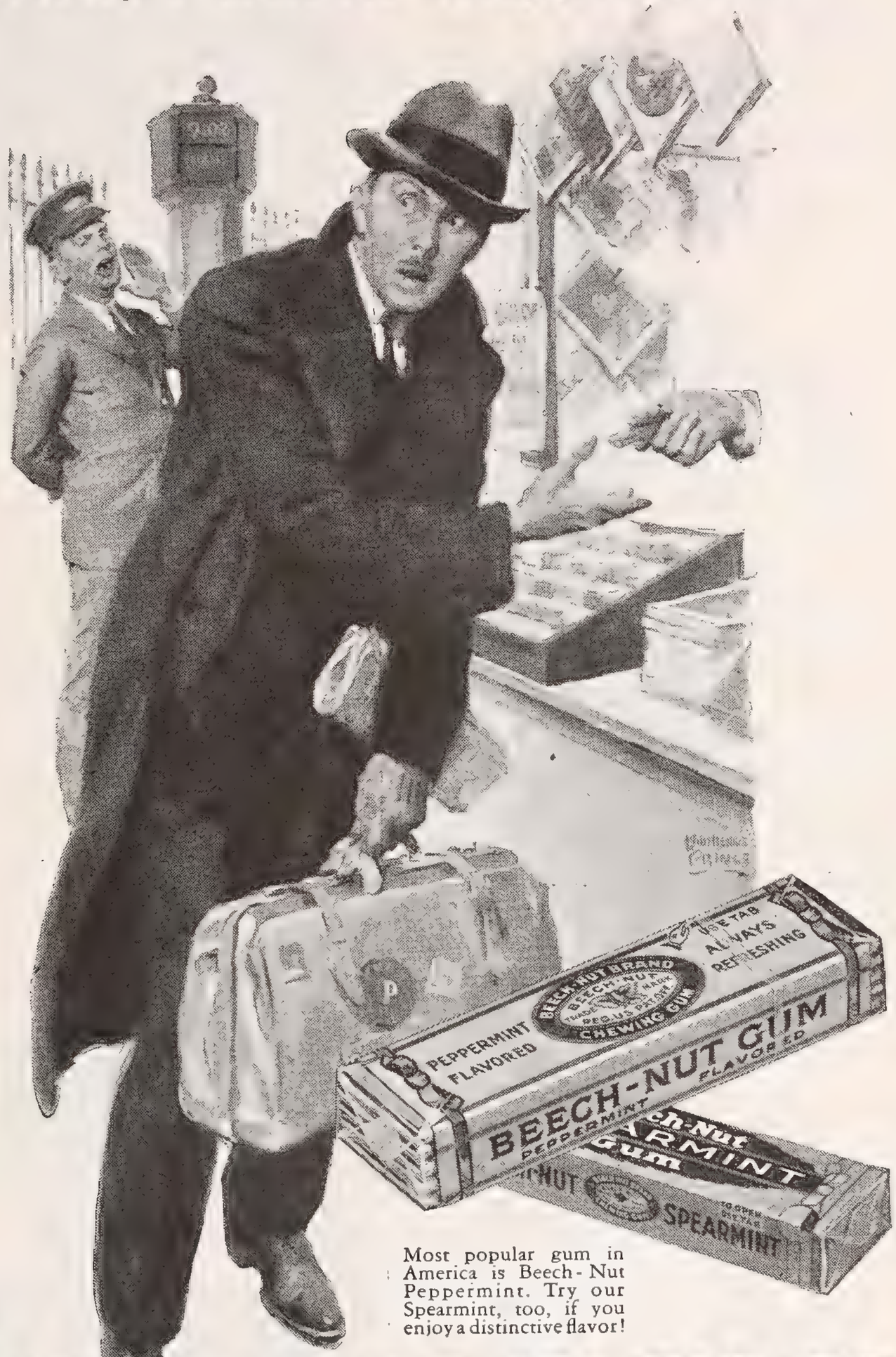
Stars' Studio Addresses

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England.
Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave. Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: United Artists.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Grand National.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, WALLY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, FRED: 20th Century-Fox.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Republic.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Paramount.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUER, MISCHA: Universal.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Paramount.
BAINTER, FAY: RKO-Radio.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: United Artists.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: Paramount.
BARRIE, WENDY: Universal.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: M-G-M.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, JOAN: United Artists
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: 20th Century-Fox.
BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BING, HERMAN: Columbia.
BIRELL, TALA: Universal.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: 20th Century-Fox.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, BEN: Paramount.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.
BOYER, CHARLES: United Artists.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEL, EL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 111)

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Smart girls know the romantic allure that a smooth, caress inviting skin holds for men. . . . But even girls in their twenties must beware of dry, dead skin, all scuffed and scaly looking, which may look 40 at 25.

If you suffer from a dry, rough, flaky, wrinkly skin, shiny nose, blackheads, enlarged pores you are certain to look years older than you are. No matter what you have tried you owe it to yourself to make this new 3-day "DEAD-SKIN" guaranteed test. The minute you start cleansing with a new beautifier, TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM, it releases precious ingredients, which sink deep into the mouths of the pores. TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM melts and dissolves those dry, scaly, dead surface skin cells. Lubricates, softens and smooths. By stimulating the underskin, rousing the oil glands, cleansing and freeing clogged pores, the cause of blackheads, dryness, shiny nose and premature aging skin is combated in nature's own way. Helps to bring out new, live, more youthful looking skin. That's why TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

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Make your own test. Use TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for three days . . . It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely or your money will be refunded upon return of empty jar.

Ask for TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM in 10c and 25c sizes at 10c stores, or larger 50c and $1.00 sizes at drug, department, or dollar stores. If your dealer can not supply you with TAYTON beauty preparations do not accept an imitation, but insist that he order for you from his wholesaler.

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ASTRINGENT	10c
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Win a Free Trip to . . . HOLLYWOOD

These trips will be exciting adventures for the 20 winners—travelling in unheard of comfort over scenic highways to glamorous Hollywood for a merry whirl with the screen stars! We'll go "star" gazing at the studios where breathless moments of "behind-the-scenes" activity await us! We'll see close-up glimpses of important rehearsals with lights—action—camera! We'll lunch at the Brown Derby and dance at the Trocadero.

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My suggestion for the name of the special bus is:

.....

Name.....

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(Please print)

Intimate glimpses of the stars, such as this one of Myrna Loy on the "Parnell" set, are in store for the winners.



There are 20 Free Round Trips to be had! One of them can be yours!

To enter this contest simply fill in the coupon provided with the *full* names of your movie favorites, either the first or last name beginning with the letters on each line. The names you select can have *less* letters than squares we have provided for. They should *not* have *more*. Now, suggest a name for this National Trailways "Luxury Liner" which will carry our winners to Hollywood. Here are a few suggestions: "Hollywood Cruiser," "Hollywood Express." Then, mail your entry to Modern Screen-National Trailways Contest in care of Modern Screen.

RULES

1. Contestant must fill in the chart on Page 24, with the *full* names of the moving picture stars or featured players whose *first* or *last* names begin with the letters in the words, NATIONAL TRAILWAYS. For example, the letter "N" may represent either Norma Shearer or Nolan, Doris. The names you select can have less letters than squares provided for in the chart; they should *not* have more. Leave one space between first and last names or last and first names. Don't use the same name twice.
2. In the space at the bottom of the chart, suggest a name for the special bus which will carry the winners to Hollywood.
3. The 20 trips will be awarded to the persons who submit the most complete chart and who, in the judges' opinion, give the best name for the bus.
4. If more than one entry is submitted, each must be presented on a separate chart.
5. Neatness and accuracy will count; elaborate entries will not receive preference in awarding the prizes.
6. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties, additional trips will be awarded.
7. Mail your entries to Modern Screen-National Trailways Contest, in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight of June 30, 1937.
8. No employees of the Dell Publishing Co., or the National Trailways System, or their families may participate in this contest.

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by

JANTZEN



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20th Century-Fox Star
in *"She Had to Eat"*

Sun Burst Mio [illustrated] with adjustable Brä cord $4.95

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● Just as a girdle molds your figure in graceful lines, so does a Jantzen have a deft way of achieving flattering slenderness through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Beautifully textured new Kava Knit fabrics of luxurious quick-drying wool have actual figure-control qualities *permanently* knitted in. A Jantzen always retains the beauty of its original classic lines and fits smoothly, perfectly, permanently. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore., Vancouver, Canada.

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Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models. WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name

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THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

'Wake Up and Live'

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL—EVEN BERNIE—FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'

'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND —WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT! —BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'



Galamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing . . . Bernie's burning . . . as they flipcrack face to face!

20th CENTURY FOX

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million","On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

including

'It's Swell Of You'
'I'm Bubbling Over'
'Never In A Million Years'
'There's A Lull In My Life'
'Wake Up And Live'



Merle Oberon

She's in Lunnon now to see the Coronation, work in "I, Claudius" and marry British Brian Aherne, who claims this lovely Merle's just topping!

WHAT HAS SUCCESS DONE TO ROBERT TAYLOR?



Bob came from an average American family, in an average American town, where he lived an average American life.

By James Reid

Has fame affected him? Has money spoiled him? Here is a story stranger than this star's sudden popularity

IT WAS just one year ago that you were becoming conscious of Robert Taylor in a big way. He had been under contract to Metro since February 1934, but you didn't know that—then. Both his name and his face were new to you.

He had played leading roles in only five films. The first two, "Society Doctor" and "Times Square Lady," had been minor productions, which you had probably skipped. The fifth, "Small Town Girl," had not yet been released. You were lucky if you had seen him in two pictures. Those two being "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Magnificent Obsession."

You knew very little about him. You did not know who he was, what he was like, where he had come from, what he had done to arrive on the screen. One year ago. He was not yet a star. His name had not yet been billed above the title of any picture.

Metro had had a hunch that in young Taylor it might have a future star after a lengthy build-up. But, in young Taylor, the studio was discovering, it *did* have a sensation, such a sensation as no studio had ever had before.

It was incredible. Impossible. Why, people hadn't had time to become this excited about him! He hadn't made enough pictures! He hadn't done anything sensational enough! There hadn't even been any publicity campaign about him!

Yet, letters in a white avalanche, bearing every postmark in the United States, were descending upon Hollywood, addressed to Robert Taylor. His two latest pictures were sell-outs, playing to hold-over business. Every magazine in the country was trying to get Taylor coverage. Newspaper columnists were calling him the biggest Hollywood news of a generation. Feminine stars were pleading to have him as their leading man. A girl couldn't appear with him at a social function without finding herself in newspaper headlines. He couldn't appear in public, himself, without being stampeded.

Things like these were incredible, impossible, but—they certainly were happening. Hollywood was witnessing a phenomenon that passed all understanding. Before a studio could tell the public that here was a great new star, the public was telling the studio!

And not the least amazed person in Hollywood was Robert Taylor.

One year ago, interviewers found him a young man honestly puzzled by the furore that was then beginning, frankly excited by his "luck," amazed at his loss of privacy, annoyed by his being a target for a succession of romance rumors.

Interviewers found him completely, surprisingly normal, even distressingly normal. He wasn't what the ink-stained brethren and sisters of the Press would call "good copy."

He had no dramatic story to tell. He came from an average American family, in an average American town, and, up to now, had apparently lived an average American life. He had had no colorful adventures, no out-of-the-ordinary experiences. The writers didn't sense how that very fact would endear him even more to the American public. The writers faintly resented his failure to make up a few melodramatic, startling incidents, for sweet sensation's sake.

With interviewers, he didn't "give." He didn't open up and talk about himself, without being asked. He waited for questions. And then his answers were in sentences, not paragraphs.

In person, he was as good-looking as the camera said he was—with blue eyes, brown hair, a ready smile. He was friendly, but without stressing the point. He was quiet. He was self-possessed, but he (*Continued on page 74*)



The Taylor-Harlow torrid love scenes for "Personal Property" were all in the day's work, but the rumor hounds didn't want to believe *that!*



Barbara Stanwyck isn't the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, nor the youngest, but she's Bob's adored among women.



LONG DISTANCE

It's simple to make a go of it—if you know how

By

Kay Proctor



Ann works in Hollywood; Hubby Roger Pryor, in Chicago; so when she visits him, he meets her at the station with his band.

IMAGINE A husband who (1) never criticizes your clothes; (2) never squawks about bills; (3) never argues about anything; and (4) always meets you at the train with a band!

Ann Sothern is actually married to such a paragon of virtues, Roger Pryor. She openly admitted as much.

But cheer up. She also admitted it is barely possible this Utopian state of affairs exists because she has only seen Roger an accurate total of six weeks and three days, and that split into three visits, since she married him last September! Roger, you know, has to live in Chicago because a contract to lead his band at the College Inn every night keeps him there. And Ann's fat little movie contract makes living in Hollywood mandatory for her.

At that, the whole topsy-turvy marital arrangement is quite in keeping with the way their life as Mr. and Mrs. Roger Pryor began. Remember her wedding? Quaint is one word for it, unique another, and just plain dizzy, a third. There was a church ceremony and a crowd and veils, bridesmaids and the works—at exactly one minute after midnight! Seems they had overlooked one technicality of California's three-days-after-the-license law, and that was the first moment they could be wed legally, and still make it to Chicago in time for Roger to open up his doing business as usual at the Inn.

Surface explanations of this four-star husband and unclouded bliss are quite simple, to hear Ann blithely tell it. First, about the non-criticism of clothes.

"When I dash back to visit Roger for a few days, it's more like a honeymoon than staid married life, and whoever heard of a husband criticizing clothes on a honeymoon, unless it was something some other woman wore and, in comparison (smartly enough!), with the perfection of you? Besides, we're so darned glad to see each other, we never notice clothes. Besides, they're usually new and he hasn't got the bill for them yet!"

Mmmmm. Maybe Roger doesn't notice. If so, I'd like to ask Ann why she gave a certain tailor a sound scolding for a tiny wrinkle under the arm of the new suit he brought her the night before she left for her present visit with Roger, and ended with, "Roger will have ten fits when he sees it." Just a point in passing.

That brings us to the bills.

"It's very simple," Ann said succinctly. "I just stick 'em

MARRIAGE

—and Ann Sothern lets you in on the secret





A midnight wedding, with all the trimmings. Then they parted. But some day, Ann hopes, they'll be together "for keeps."

in an envelope—the bills—and mail 'em to Chicago. Roger hates to write letters, so he just never gets around to squawking about 'em. Then, by the time I see him again, he's forgotten about 'em. Isn't that simple?"

Simple indeed. But it might not be so except for the fact that when they were married, Roger insisted there would be none of this modern fifty-fifty business about bills in his household. He would pay them all, and gladly. (Ann held out on paying for her personal maid out of her own purse.) Everything she earned from her work was to go in a trust fund for *her*. Which it has.

Point Three. Arguments.

How in heck can there be any arguments? It takes two to make one, and two in the same place. Roger is in Chicago. Ann is in Hollywood. Q.E.D. How can there be an argument?

They did have one lulu, Ann confessed. About a famous male star. It darned near broke the week's budget.

"Roger telephoned one night, as he does quite frequently," Ann related. "We chatted about this and that and he asked what I had been doing, what pictures I had seen, and so forth. I mentioned I had seen a certain picture and was crazy about it and the star's work."

Roger, it seems, had seen the picture, too, and took the opposite view. First thing they knew, they were at it hammer and tongs. He was good, he wasn't good, he was an actor, he wasn't an actor.

"Suddenly I realized we were getting nowhere fast, and it was costing us exactly a dollar a minute to get there!" Ann said. "All in all, we argued some $11.40 worth. It's the last time that happened. Now we say, 'Save it for a letter,' and as I said, neither of us likes to write, so it's too much work to argue."

At that, Ann added, it was less costly than similar arguments of married couples on their way home from a picture show. It did not have time to get too personal and end up in recriminations, angry words, hurt feelings, and a good old row that had a three-day hangover! You probably know the kind she means.

Finally, that meeting at trains with bands.

Every time Ann steps foot in Chicago, either by train or plane, Roger has a band lined up to meet her. How many wives can claim husbands *that* glad to see them?

"Of course, if you want to get technical about it, the band is Roger's own. Furthermore, they're not playing any instruments. Every time so far they've been standing with their collars turned up and their hands in their pockets, shivering in the cold," (*Continued on page 83*)



Cary talks about marriage, too.

MAN

I WANT to do a case history of a man-about-town," I told Cary Grant. "I want to know what he does and what he doesn't do, what he likes and what he doesn't like, his prejudices and predilections where 'wimmin' are concerned, the why, the wherefore and the whence. Meaning, in a word, you!"

"Me, a man-about-town?" laughed Cary, his bright, bold eyes derisive, "why me? I'm not a man-about-town. Sounds like a page of fashions. I'm not, certainly, the peg upon which to hang 'what the well-dressed man-about-town will wear,' that's a cinch. When we made 'When You're in Love' over at Columbia, they wanted me to look kind of sloppy and casual. I had to dress, or rather not dress up, for the part. They couldn't even make me clothes that looked careless and unpressed enough. So I had to wear my own!

"Nope, man-about-town-and-country might be more like it. And mostly country. I hate to say this, it's gray-bearded with age and much repetition, but I spend most of my spare time swimming, reading, taking those well-known long drives in my car—alone.

"Randy Scott and I still have our same place at the beach, you know. Randy's wife didn't come between this pair of friends. On the contrary. Remarkable institution, women," said Cary.

"Let's dispose of the 'wimmin' first," I suggested. "I've heard that you don't hand us very much."

"A man-about-town not handing orchids to the lady?" grinned Cary. "What kind of a monstrosity would that be? It's nonsense, anyway. Of course I like women. I can't stand some of the things some of them do. I can't

Grace Moore and Cary in "When You're in Love."

What do women mean to a popular gent like Cary Grant, who lives in a village where the unattached male is king?

By Caroline S. Hoyt

-ABOUT-TOWN

stand them when they talk baby talk, use red nail polish, have gooey lips. But that's fair enough. They probably can't stand some of the things I do, either.

"I can't go for the kind of girl who, when you call her and say, 'What are you doing Sunday night?', comes right back at you with, 'Nothing, I'd love it. What shall I wear? What time do we meet at the Troc'?'

"'Love what?' you find yourself asking and who the heck said anything about the Troc'? I'd probably had some such place as Dopey Dan's for hamburgers vaguely in mind or a drive along the beach.

"I can't stand women who talk baby talk. I like women who speak my language and it may be pidgin English or pig Latin, but it's not baby talk. I can't stand that red nail polish. I like a little lipstick when it isn't the gooey kind. We're so conditioned to lipstick by now that if I met a girl with naked lips I'd probably take her for Camille.

"One thing a man-about-town should know about women is that they do not dress for men. They should, but they don't. If they did they'd abolish those gawd-awful red nails. They must know by this time that the stuff is repellent to men. Yet they keep right on using it. Women dress for women, I've found that out. The idea, it seems, is to be the best-dressed, smartest gal, and therefore the most talked about.



"Men have more fun than women do, I'll wager that. There's none of that competition stuff. Go to a men's club and no one knows or cares what you are wearing. You can wear old dungarees and a pair of boots if you feel like it and no one would notice it.

"I like smart women. I like tailored women when they are the tailored type. I like the fluffy, feminine women when they are the ruffly type. I like a little make-up, cleverly used, so cleverly that I wouldn't notice it. I do not like such barbarisms as false eyelashes, those tweezed eyebrows and other atrocities of a similar nature.

"I like professional women better than non-professionals. You can talk to them and they can talk to you. They are alert and have a sense of humor. You know that they won't faint at the sight of a mouse or twist your words to suit their own purposes. They're swell."

"Would you," I interrupted, "marry a professional woman—from choice?"

"Sure I would," said Cary, "if I were contemplating matrimony—and I'm not. I'd marry a star, an extra girl, a lady medico, if I fell in love with her. I'm not afraid of women who know more than I do. I would not feel any resentment toward a woman who was a ranking star even if I had not attained the same rank myself. I'd be proud of her as I'd hope she would be proud of me if the situation were reversed.

"Really this man-about-town idea is columnist-conceived. I am reported as being seen at the Troc', the Vendome or wherever; actually I go to these places very seldom.

"What really happens is this: The columnists have to fill their columns with cinema chatter. It's safer to fill the columns with single men and their activities, real or fancied, than it is to mention married men, with possible complications. It seems there is a scarcity of single males here in Hollywood. Thus does the name of Grant come in for such generous social repetition.

"I've been amused, more than once, to read an account of a party of six or eight given, let's say, at a popular night club. I may not have been out for six weeks; possibly, I may have been at that particular party. In either case I'm liable to read, 'Report hath it that Cary Grant brought Miss So-and-So.' Now I have probably never met Miss So-and-So and almost certainly did not have the pleasure of 'bringing her.' But I was the only single man present. She was the only single girl. So I was the 'bloke wot brung her.'"

All this time, Cary had been lounging lazily, talking casually, even flippantly

(*Continued on page 91*)

SIMONE SIMON DEFENDS HERSELF- AND HOW!

By Gladys Hall

She admits she's walked off the set, slapped a director, disobeyed an executive—but there were reasons



When strangers say, "Hello, sweetheart," Simone has an answer—and it isn't "Hi, Darling," you may be sure!

THAT SIMONE Simon, "they" say, here in Hollywood. She *is* a one! She is temperamental, unpredictable, unreasonable—a rebel and a spoiled little so-and-so. "They" shake their collective heads over her. They sigh, they shrug, but they talk about her.

She is seen out, dancing with this lad and that. There are rumors that she is in love with Jimmy Stewart and that it is madly mutual—or that it is unrequited. It is said, too, that she is in love with Jimmy's friend, John Swope. She is seen with William Wyler and Rouben Mamoulian. "They" say, additionally, that she plays ping-pong with Hollywood hearts while her own is somewhere in France.

Born in Marseilles, raised in Madagascar, where the wild strains and races of the world meet and mingle, their untamed spirits infused the very air the child breathed.

Simone is an untamed spirit! Convention has never shackled her. Love has never broken her. Pain has not subdued her. She is, still, a child of Madagascar.

They tell how she walked off the set of "White Hunter" and "Under Two Flags." Hollywood will never quite get over that. She claimed it was flu. "They" said, "a fluke, more-like." Hospitalization for weeks failed to convince them. For how dared she, a new-comer to Hollywood? She should have, according to all precedent, bent a servile knee to the studio.

BUT THERE isn't a salaam in all the savagely sweet spirit of Simone, nor yet a kow-tow. She uses honey when she feels like it and bitter gall when she feels bitter. Nor does she know obedience to anything save to her own emotions, which are honest and unblunted.

"They" say that she is apt to slap the face of anyone who offends her. It is known how she slapped the face of Tourjansky, famed Russian director who, espying her in front of a Paris cafe one evening, rushed up to her and exclaimed, "You are just the person I have been seeking." Swift as an adder strikes, struck the small hand of Simone. It was that slap which brought her, eventually, to Hollywood.

Yes, inexplicable to Hollywood are the wild and willful ways of Simone. But the French are a practical people.



Simone declares she loved to work with James Stewart in "Seventh Heaven" and the picture above tends to prove her statement.

However unreasonable they appear, they usually have good reasons for it. I determined to third-degree Simone.

I found her finishing the laying out of a badminton court in her garden in Beverly Hills. Simone and her secretary had done the work all themselves. She perched on a stone wall, while I faced her down, or up.

I said, "I'll begin at random. . . . What about the time Ernie Westmore, the make-up man, gave you the critical survey? I am told that he suggested that your hair be done differently and that your lips be made up differently. What of it? That is his job. That is what every newcomer goes through when first she comes to Hollywood. Yet you stormed out of the beauty chair, hurling defiance at poor Mr. Westmore?"

Simone laughed, "Oh, that," she said, in her English, which has so vastly improved since I talked with her six months ago, yet still bears the aroma of the French accent. "I didn't understand. He looked at me like *this*. He seemed not to like me at all. He wanted to make me all different. I did not understand how the personal also could be impersonal. And so I stormed out of there and said rich things to him to tell him I did not like him, either. Now I know what he was meaning and we are friends. That is very simple."

"But," I said, "there was the time when you were introduced to a worthy and dignified member of the Associated Press. You stared at him for a long time. Then you said, 'I do not think I like you.' What for?"

I DID not think I liked him, that is all for that," said Simone blandly. "It seemed better to say so and have no mistake about it. Later, I changed my mind. He is at luncheon with me and others. I watch him and then I tell him that I think I can grow to like him."

"I have heard electricians, property men, and waitresses say that you acted highty-tighty and offended when they spoke to you," I pursued. "Have you a reason for that?"

"But certainly," said Simone. "When I first come over here I go on the set or into a beauty parlor and people I have never seen before, people who do not know whether they like me or detest me say, 'Hello, sweetheart,' or 'Good morning, darling.' I do not say (*Continued on page 81*)







The young woman with Doug is Mrs. Fairbanks, to be sure, but the point is she *was*—Lady Ashley.

Here we have Al. Al who? *Vanderbilt*, of course! With Ginger Rogers.

By Helen Louise Walker

WELL, IT'S been like this ever since the races started at Santa Anita. At a recent cocktail party a young man was in earnest conversation about his day at the track. "And I said to Al, I said, 'Al' . . ." He paused and gave me a little nudge. "Al Vanderbilt, I mean," he said, gently. "You know, Al, of course?" I had to admit that I had not met Al.

The young man looked so horrified that I thought that I had better say *something*, so I volunteered, brightly, "I've met Robert Taylor." He brushed this aside.

"Who hasn't?" he said, witheringly, and turned again to my neighbor. "I said, 'Al, old boy, I think you're wrong about that horse!' And d'you know what Al said?"

But I didn't feel neglected because on the other side of me a voice was saying, "I was telling dear Sylvia . . . Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, you know. She *was* Lady Ashley. I said, 'Sylvia . . . '"

I began to feel pretty elegant myself, because here I was simply surrounded by people who called millionaires and people who once had titles by their first names—even by their pet names. It occurred to me, though, to wonder how Doug Fairbanks felt about it all. His latest wife must have been mentioned in the public prints about twenty thousand times since their marriage, but never once have I seen a reference without the parenthetical addition, "Mrs. Fairbanks is the former Lady Sylvia Ashley." Certainly no one in Hollywood ever fails to mention that fact when he speaks of her and I just wondered how Doug felt to have it made so emphatic about who his wife *was* before she became who she *is*, because who she is might seem important to a lot of people, including Doug.

There is no doubt about it. Hollywood is growing grander every day. There are no longer big parties with ropes of gardenias and four orchestras and magnums of champagne. Those are "vulgar." People now sit in dimly lit rooms and listen to chamber music and readings from Fourteenth Century Italian poets. Honestly they do!

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See how easy it is! Just sit down and let *yourself* talk. It's your experience we want, not fancy words. Write as to a friend. Because Ivory Flakes *are* your friend—made from Ivory, the soap that mother probably used for you in your baby days! And today Ivory Flakes give you 7530 chances to win a thrilling prize!

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	OPENING	CLOSING
st Contest—	Now	Sat. May 29
nd Contest—	Sun. May 30	Sat. June 5
rd Contest—	Sun. June 6	Sat. June 12
th Contest—	Sun. June 13	Sat. June 19
th Contest—	Sun. June 20	Sat. June 26
th Contest—	Sun. June 27	Sat. July 3

. Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight. Entries will be entered in each week's contest s received

5. Enter each week's contest as often as you choose.

6. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count extra. Contests judged by Miss Elsie Rushmore, National Contest Consultant, and her associates. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries returned.

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Joan Blondell doesn't think it's too early to look toward young Norman Barnes' future.

Joan Blondell passes

on some wise do's and dont's

for making a young man happy

. . . WHAT I'LL



Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell certainly have the happiness formula down pat.

Fernand Gravet, the Frenchman who has all the girls ga-ga, with Joan in a scene from "The King and the Chorus Girl."

TELL MY SON

By JOAN BLONDELL as told to Ben Maddox

WHAT WILL Joan Blondell tell *her* son? She intends to pass on to him what she herself has learned about this perplexing world of ours. And Joan admits this is plenty!

Today, acclaimed the most charming of comediennes, she is happy again as Mrs. Dick Powell. She is busy combining a new picture with settling down in her new house. Yet, Joan isn't for a second forgetting her son by her first marriage. Tiny Norman Barnes, two years old, is very much in her heart, too.

"I expect women to make or break his life," she declared suddenly, between merry quips. "Not myself among them —I don't expect to be the dominating woman in his life. I mean the women he'll meet when he's old enough to fall in love.

"I am anxious to put him wise to a lot of vital facts I have discovered. I'll try to show him how to get along with girls. I shall advise him to test the one he loves, thoroughly. I'll explain how to do this. Certainly I'll assure him that love is terribly important, because I know it is.

"I shall caution him against love at first sight and confide why a long engagement is smart. Of course, I'll attempt to point out all the mistakes which can trip him up, but I won't hold him back if he falls madly in love too young. Not even if I see she's the wrong type and it won't last!"

It was peacefully quiet in the drawing-room of the Dick Powells and Joan's earnestness was in such marked contrast to her usual jollying.

"This may surprise you," she said to me, a blonde vision in pink lounging pajamas, turned completely serious and sincere. "There's one spot he may find himself in when I'll counsel him to be perhaps painfully frank. If he has been going with a girl for quite a while and marriage is just around the corner, he may find that she isn't what he truly wants in a wife after all. Then he should be honest; he should call it off. Yes, even though he's taken up, as she may swear, 'the best years of my life!' In the long run it's the kindest action, for they'd both be miserable if he had any doubts. It's better for him to break her heart to bits quickly. This tragedy won't ruin her, even though she may carry on as though it will. Gradually she'll realize that, anyway, her face is more intriguing because of what she's gone through; she's lost weight suffering—but it's nice to be thinner!

I SHALL advise Norman not to marry young; it's silly for a man to do so. He ought to wait until he's at least thirty. For when he's younger all he'll care about is how keen a dancer she is and what lovely eyelashes she has. His whole viewpoint will change as he matures. Eventually, he'll want a woman who'll be a fine mother and home-maker.

"Pick your girl, I'll say, not for her beauty, or her neatness, or because she's polite in company; but for some inner quality in her that moves you deeply, some mysterious quality that makes you sure she is above and beyond ordinary women.

"Don't let the life-of-the-party bowl you over; she can't be vivacious every night at home, after she's yours. Remember, also, that if she's so physical in her appeal, she knows how to be that way towards all the other fellows, too.

"A long engagement—a year's what I call long—is most advisable because it'll give you a chance to be positive she'll handle situations as you'd want your wife to. It'll allow you to check on what she is like, fundamentally. Perhaps traits will blossom (*Continued on page 85*)

BEAUTY FROM ALL

Of course, Sonja Henie is the perfect example of body grace. Imitate her, if you would acquire good posture.







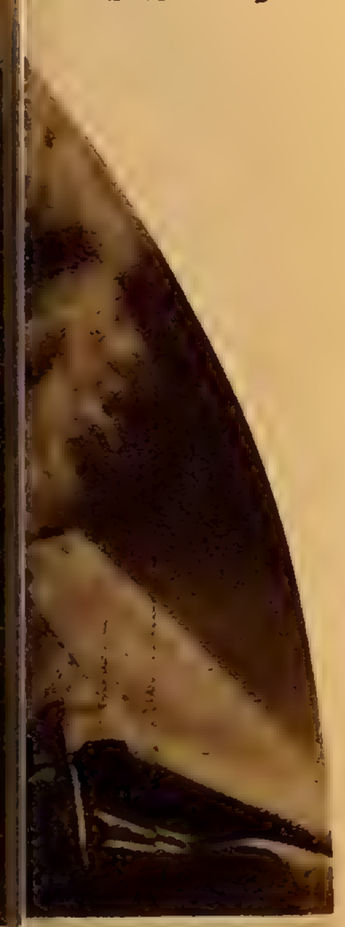


Take a tip from Madeleine Carroll, who says that pretty blondes should dress conservatively, for they can so easily look over-dressed.

You may have a warm heart, a quick wit and a sunny disposition,

ANGLES

By Mary Marshall



Deanna Durbin is, admittedly, a lovely-looking girl. But how does she manage to look pretty even when she sings?

PEOPLE ARE going to judge you and me by appearances and that's all there is to it. It may be unjust when a girl is as bright as a button that she be set down as unattractive simply because her appearance isn't bright as a button, too, but there you are. You may have a warm 'eart, a tasty wit, a sunny disposish, and a dozen other mental and spiritual assets, but a few physical liabilities can send your stock down in 1929 fashion.

Most of us have a tendency to assume if we look okay flat view to ourselves in the mirror, that everything's dandy. Most of us who are as active and busy as we should be are inclined to make up and dress in a hurry. And most of us who are as interested as we want to be in what's going on around us can't be eternally thinking about how we look.

Few of us can afford personal maids to see to it that the back of our hair looks as nice as the front. We must attend to such matters ourselves. And how are we going to attend to the smaller niceties of good grooming—so that we'll be as beautiful as possible from every angle—without taking all day about it?

Having mentioned the back hair, let me tackle that point first. I see so many hair-dos which are darling in front and dreadful behind. So here are some rules for the back of your head, and don't forget 'em!

THE REGULAR haircut mustn't be neglected. It mustn't be put off. Save the money for a trip to the barber as carefully as you save money for the rent. You can shampoo your own hair, you can wave and curl it if need be, you can manicure your own nails—but you *can't* cut your own hair. Be fussy about your haircuts, and when you find an operator or a barber who does it to suit you, stick to him, or her.

I wish every gal in the world would take a firm stand against shaving the back of the neck. This isn't as prevalent as it used to be, thanks to the long bobs, but the ladies whose hair grows far down on the back of their necks still feel that the coiffure must be finished off with the electric razor. And, in time, the nape of the neck, which should be soft and white and feminine, is about as alluring as Uncle Ezra's three-day-old beard. Wear a longer bob, or go long-hair entirely, if you have this problem to cope with.

Please stop being dictated to by fashions in hairdress! I've said before and I say it again that elaborate ways of fixing the hair are only for those who have plenty of money and plenty of time to fuss and fiddle. The hair-do that combines the maximum of ease and becomingness for you is the hair-do you should adopt.

TAKE ADVANTAGE of the hair gadgets on the toilet goods counter of every five-and-dime store in the country. Turn the back hair up on the roller whosits, to keep the permanent wave in trim. Turn the little wisps and ends round into flat curls, first moistening them with waving lotion, and pin them in place to dry with two invisible pins. It's a bit of trouble when you want to pop into bed in a hurry, but you'll feel a lot happier next morning.

Don't neglect the crown of your head—that spot where the part in the hair usually stops. The hair should be smooth and shining from there on down to the ends—all-of-a-piece, fitting the head like a cap. It usually looks kinda ratty and ill-tended, instead. Comb it down smoothly. Brush it for extra gloss. And the merest touch of brilliantine, applied with the palm of your hand or your hairbrush, will keep it looking nice.

And do you know that rubbing your hair with a piece of velvet does wonders for the sheen of the topknot? Well, it does. Just take a swatch of the cloth and smooth down over the part of your hair which you wear straight—from the part out, or from the crown down to the ends. I'm told this is a trick of the beautiful Spanish women, who wear their black hair parted in the middle and slicked severely down and back into a knot. It's a good stunt, whether the tale is true or not.

The fancy fashion magazines say that hats are comin' down further over the backs of our heads. If this isn't a Parisian false alarm, my pets, we'll all have to go in for less of the clusters of curls and finger-rolls and wear our hair plainer. A good thing, too, I say. Think it over and make your hair-plans accordingly.

ENOUGH ABOUT hair. Here's something about backs, another difficult beauty angle. Summer isn't so far away and I want all your backs to be nice and smooth and free from blemishes. The first essential in back beauty is getting it darn good and clean. Buy yourselves a back brush. I have two. And would you like to know what I do with the spare? I cold cream my back with it. I smear it good and plenty with cold cream and anoint the spinal column. Then I give it a scrubbing with soap and water. Backs are such easy prey to blackheads and it is hard to get 'em clean without the aid of a brush. Lacking a brush, however, a small turkish towel, generously lathered with mild soap and see-sawed vigorously back and forth, will serve well enough. This back-cleansing, incidentally, makes you feel simply swell. But do remember to dry as thoroughly as you scrub, so that the skin won't get chapped and scaly.

Well, so much for (*Continued on page 92*)

All actresses have the problem of managing difficult costumes in pictures, and Barbara Stanwyck's figure adapts itself to them easily. Truthfully, would yours?

but if you are not physically attractive—heaven help you!



Harry, Al and Jimmy, acting slightly mad, as usual.





Putting on the Ritz very often means stealing the show.



(Top to bottom) Those "horror" men — Lorre, Laughton and Karloff? No! Al, Harry and Jimmy.



These boys know how to make you laugh and ring the box-office bell, too.



Another bit from "On the Avenue." You can be sure that not a single aching heart lurks behind their grins, either.

They've decided not to be starred because it's more fun to steal pictures from the name-in-lights gentry.

The Ritz Brothers don't make much sense

By Karen Hollis

JIMMY DURANTE was pounding the piano in a honky-tonk in Coney Island, and a slick-haired, eel-like kid named George Raft was kicking out a terrific Black Bottom, when three guys who had been hanging around the joint for three weeks asked for a tryout of an act they'd worked up. (Your vocabulary wouldn't be so good either after half an hour with the Ritz Brothers.)

For weeks these guys had kept the customers laughing. They'd jump to their feet between floor shows and put on crazy stunts, and then pay their checks like gentlemen. Or anyway, pay their checks. And here they wanted to spoil it all by expecting pay for their clowning.

The manager hoped they'd be terrible when they put on a rehearsed routine. Maybe then they'd be sensible about coming back just to play around. They enjoyed it, didn't they?

But the act was not terrible. Decidedly not. It was the Ritz Brothers, those frenzied lunatics who are the current box-office darlings, from Broadway to the farthest crossroads.

Dressed in bell-bottomed trousers, flowing ties, and gob hats, copied from the cartoon-strip, Harold Teen, they travestied collegians in that first tryout. With a fury that shook the halls of higher learning for miles around, they danced and sang with such hilarious results that Earl Carroll came over and signed them for a Broadway show. Other shows followed, then vaudeville, and after a lot of ups and downs, 20th Century-Fox Pictures grabbed them.

YEAH, HONEY," cooed Jim Ritz, who, with his cyclonic brother, Harry, was piecing together the crazy-quilt of their career for me, "every time you think you're getting somewhere in show business, there's a long layoff and you're back where you started—in night clubs. Maybe in cleaner ones, but night clubs just the same."

Ritz has always suggested caviar and cordials, sables

THEY DON'T



L. to r., Al, Harry and Jimmy in "On the Avenue."



Hands-across-the-sea stuff from "One in a Million."



The trio, in one of their more peaceful moods.

and probably you won't either after reading about this goofy trio

and snobbery. Not any more. Nowadays putting on the Ritz means stealing a picture. Ritz stands for whirlwind action, belly laughs, and standing room only. The Ritz Brothers ran up a record by making three pictures in five months, "Sing, Baby, Sing," "One in a Million," and "On the Avenue." When the third came out, exhibitors were still playing return engagements on the first one, and somebody even brought out a short they had made five years before.

"They wouldn't even release it then," said Jim, just the type to hang crepe on a flagpole. "Thought the public wasn't educated down to our level."

In person, the boys look like guileless, prosperous young business men, not the high-speed, wild-eyed maniacs they play on the screen.

The Ritz Brothers did not take their name from the elegant hotels of that name. They got it off a laundry in Brooklyn. Al Joachim, eldest of the brothers was loitering down the street wishing something would happen. Times were so tough at home that something had to happen at once to put him in touch with a few dollars. Something did happen. A man came rushing out of the Vitagraph Studios and hired everyone in sight for extra work.

When Al gave his name for the payroll, the assistant director told him he'd better pick one with more class. So, seeing "Ritz Laundry" in big electric lights across the street, he picked that. He kinda liked the idea of seeing his name in lights already.

At home, his kid brothers decided they liked the name of Ritz, too, but they didn't get around to using it for some time.

AL WAS working every now and then in a dance act with two girls. Jim struggled through eighth grade (and there is no humor in the intent way that he assures you it was a struggle) and got a job as shipping clerk. Harry, the youngest, was the "intellectual" type. He intended to get through high school if it took him eighty years, and it began to look as if it would. Try as he would, he could not remember where he had mislaid Afghanistan, or what X equalled, and the frantic expression on his face made the classroom guffaw.

One day a school teacher of the ample, motherly type sent for Papa Joachim and Harry to come to her office.

"Take him out of school," she begged. "He'll never learn anything here, and neither will anyone else as long as he is around. He even makes *me* laugh all the time. He belongs on the stage."

Harry's feelings were hurt by the suggestion that he couldn't learn anything, but he couldn't stop to brood over it. He had to work fast to keep Pop from getting the idea he was being kicked out of school.

"See Pop, she says I could make money on the stage." So Pop gave in.

Very soon Jim got fired from his job as shipping clerk. Too much clowning. He didn't fancy facing Pop on Saturday night without a pay envelope, so he decided to enter an amateur night contest at the local theatre.

"Were you any good?" I asked him.

"Pretty good, darling," Jim admitted. "I could dance."

"Among the winners?"

"Uh-huh."

"Third—second—first?" I persisted, as Jim's mellow, collie-like eyes pleaded with big, substantial Harry to rescue him.

"First," Jim blurted out with an air of you-made-me-tell-it.

Something in Jim's intense manner made me suspect that he had leanings toward playing a romantic part.

"Yeah," he admitted, and for the first time he looked as he does on the screen, a little wild-eyed, his nose wrinkled as if he smelled a whiff of rare old Limburger.

I GET a yen sometimes to play the big sentimental stuff. They let me do it once, too, gave me a little scene with Alice Faye in 'Sing, Baby, Sing.' While we were doing it, I thought it was swell. But when it was run off in the projection room, Darryl Zanuck almost had to be carried out. I guess it was funny all right. But I forget easily. I'll probably get a (*Continued on page 99*)

KNOW NUTHIN'!



Madge Evans' printed ensemble consists of a jersey sports dress and navy coat.

Beige is the color of this light-weight woolen suit, with pique trim.

I DON'T believe that Madge Evans ever has been named among "the ten best-dressed" Hollywood stars, yet she is outstanding for her excellent taste and perfect grooming. Season in and season out, Madge wears clothes that are practical for you and me. They're conservative clothes, but never dull or uninteresting.

Madge told me once that she had decided what sort of thing suited her best and that no fads or whims of the current fashion picture could induce her to wear anything that she didn't feel right in. For instance, she's adamant on the subject of color. Blue is, to her mind, the most flattering shade she can wear. So, winter or summer, she manages to have shades of blue dominate her wardrobe. She said that she always has navy accessories as the basis for her ensembling and then she selects new clothes to harmonize with them. As a result, she dresses economically because she's not always adding a new pair of shoes or a handbag to tie up with some color scheme which has captured her passing fancy.

So many of the Hollywood gals have acquired smartness since they became stars—but not Madge. Actually, she was clothes-conscious as a child. If you remember, she used to pose in children's hats which were named for her. She was the Shirley Temple of those days and her clothes were copied as eagerly as Shirley's are today. And there's no doubt that this early fashion background has been an important factor in developing the keen clothes sense Madge possesses now.



This good-looking white strap slipper, with the popular cut-out detail, is the sort of shoe that is indispensable for summer wear because it ties up so beautifully with cottons, silks and woolens.

By Adelia Bird

A grand week-ender is Miss E.'s apple-green woolen jacket dress. You can copy this easily.

The flared peplum of Madge's printed silk foulard gives it a two-piece effect.

I asked her to select four daytime outfits from her closet that would be generally wearable for you and me. She did and the grand thing about her selection is that each one can either be copied by you, who are good with the needle, or styles similar to them may be bought in your own shops right now.

I've discovered that many of you are eager to get patterns of costumes shown each month on these pages. You write in to me asking how to obtain them and I have to write back telling you that they are from the star's personal wardrobe and have not been copied in patterns. I know this is a disappointment to you, but where styles are as simple as most of these are, the real trick is to look through pattern books for something as nearly like the one you want as possible and then add the little individual details of the star's original dress. After all, it is the detailing that makes one dress different from another—that, and the fabric combinations.

I don't want you to think I can't practice what I preach. So, as an example, take Madge's printed ensemble. It is composed of a very simple printed silk jersey sports dress —red and blue figures on a white ground. The sleeves are short and the neckline rather high with a flatteringly wide collar. The most unusual detail of this dress is its blue chiffon scarf, tied casually with the ends reaching to the waistline. It's not a tricky dress at all, but it's extremely smart. Almost any simple sports dress pattern could be used in copying this.

(Continued on page 96)



First romance has come to beautiful June Lang, but has it really come to stay?

LOVE IMPORTANT—at twenty?" June Lang's soft voice caressed the question. A smile flickered on her lips, and in her eyes. A smile of amused pity for any unfortunate unbeliever. A smile of secret suspicion that she was being teased.

"I can't think of anything more important," she said.

She, June Lang, a career-girl whose career looked as if it were becoming important, could say this—and mean it?

She could for a number of reasons. There were already visible proofs that she could.

On the way to this luncheon, for example, she had wanted to stop in the publicity office to pick up a photograph, she said. Not that she was in the habit of collecting photographs of herself, she had added. This was an extra-special photograph. It was, it seemed, a photograph of herself in a wedding dress.

Every studio designer in Hollywood had been asked to create a wedding gown for a dazzling, movie-fashion show at the Biltmore. Royer had created a wedding gown. He had used June as his model. Upon the gown's completion, she had been photographed in it. Now she wanted to see what the camera said about her as a bride.

There was no ulterior motive in her curiosity. She wasn't planning an immediate wedding. Not that day, anyway. (*Cont'd on page 79*)

All the boys want to date June, but there's only one gent who has won his way to her heart.

LOVE AT TWENTY

By James Reid



Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

MISS JOAN BELMONT, NEW YORK. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

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(above) ***In the Tack Room.*** Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'. . . make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."



Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton—with Camels between courses and after. Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand



For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels

Growing lovelier day by day...

The Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE

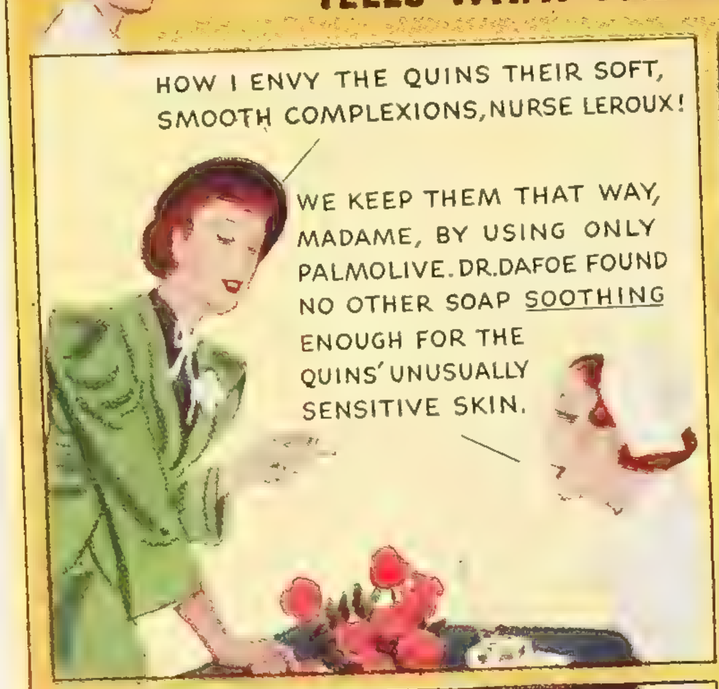
the soap made with Olive Oil!





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NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH, TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!







IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?

Are you *sure* the soap you're using is as pure, gentle, safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, gentle Olive and Palm oils.

That is why Palmolive gives your skin such matchless beauty care... Why more than any other soap, it brings you the promise of a lovelier, more alluring complexion.

DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed with Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe



TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY. USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS



Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers

OFF THEIR GUARD

Frank Muto and his little black box catch up with the movie boys and girls here, there and everywhere, whether they know it or not

GINGER'S SKATING PARTY

Tired of rolling around on her own, Kay Francis tries a new wrinkle in sit-down strikes! And of all places, at Ginger Rogers' party, which was rolled off at Hollywood's Rollerdrome.



Jimmy Stewart prefers Ginger. Guess who Ginger prefers?

Something tickles that Young gal, but Cesar Romero doesn't seem to care, right.



While the music and skaters go 'round and 'round, Jack Oakie and the Missus relax.

And a good time is had by all, especially Hostess Ginger and her guest of honor, Al Vanderbilt.

Something's pretty funny to Jim and Mrs. Henry Fonda, but Henry wants to get set to go places.

(L. to R.) Mrs. Fonda, Simone Simon, Ginger Rogers and Al Vanderbilt's arms!

What's this? Al's got two gals—Ginger and Joan—while Franchot Tone is left out in the cold.

Jimmy is still rarin' to go, but Andy Devine and his wife have had 'nuff of this foolishness.



Came the dawn—and Tyrone Power greets it before he faces director, cast and camera crew of "Cafe Metropole."



"What have I got to lose?" philosophizes T. P. "Nothing! There's lotsa fun, hard work and mun-yee, too. Wotta break."

GETTIN' SET FOR THE



In his hand a letter from his girl, on the desk a picture of the girl. Who's the girl? Sonja Henie, sillies.



Tyrone's pal thinks he'll meet those bee-ooties on the lot, but is told, "I'll be seein' you here at six o'clock."

A guy's got to look just right when Loretta Young's the girl waiting—on the set.

With an eye on the clock, your friend takes a quick one—a very tall orange juice.

SET

It wouldn't do to "blow up" on his lines, so a last-minute look at the script's in order.

MOVIE TEST



Yes, even full-fledged stars take movie tests for each new picture, so our Joan tries out for "Vogues of 1938." P. S. She got the job.

And Joan Bennett's bugaboo is that "what to wear" problem



What the girl really needs is a pair of shoes! Why don't you say eni, meni, mini, mo and let it go at that, Joan?



Well, the problem's solved, for la belle remembers that white's her lucky color. And it didn't let her down this time either!

Frank smells a rose not a rat! Little does he suspect that he's the unfortunate victim of the old





Being pinned and tucked for the myriad gowns and costumes that are worn in a picture is enough to try anyone's patience.



Joan calls it a day, at last. Hey, what's that in your hand, m'lady? Oh, a refreshing fruit lemonade!

"pepper in the flower" gag. It's too late now! Our Innocent, Frankie McHugh, is left to his Fate



AT THE MOVIES



Our snapshooter catches up with John Boles and the Missus, who are having a wonderful time seeing and being seen. It was a gay night all around.



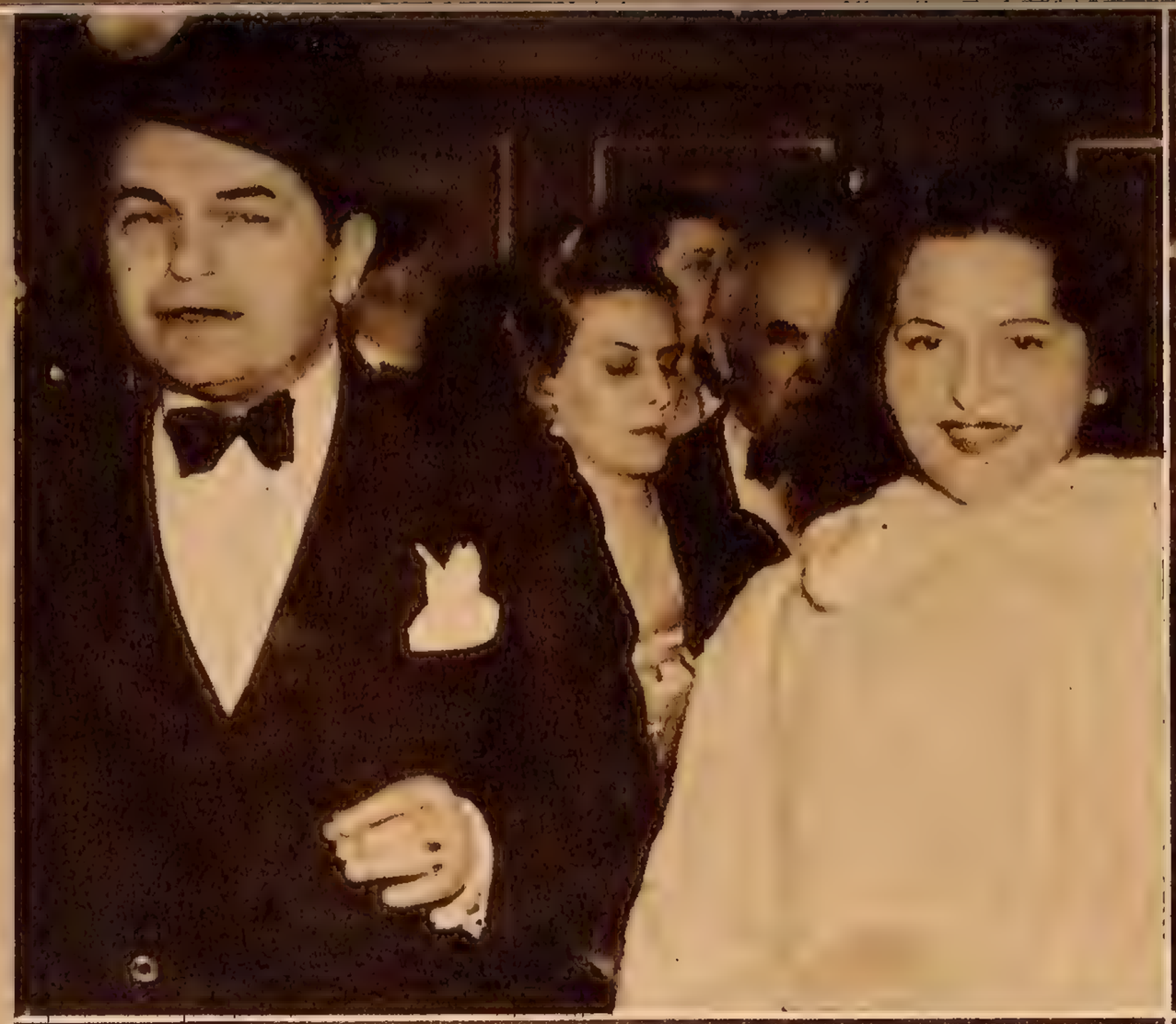
A gala picture premiere is as good an excuse as any for filmdom's beaux and belles to turn out in their best bibs and tuckers. Ginger Rogers was Cary Grant's partner at the "Lost Horizon" opening.



Picture-stealer No. 1, Spencer Tracy, isn't taking any chances. He announces himself and his wife to an eager and waiting public.



Love won out again, for Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump seem to have patched up their differences. Isabel is one of the principals in this Columbia picture, y'know.



Eddie (Kid Galahad) Robinson isn't one for putting on the soup and fish, but Mrs. R. sells him on the idea. Here he is doing the microphone honors, too.



The George O'Briens turn out, too. Mrs. O'B., who was in and out of New York in a hurry when her play closed there, is all decked out in a little mink and ermine number. Pretty smart—eh, wot?



Anna May Wong, and Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks enjoy the social glitter of the "Lost Horizon" premiere same as the rest of the previewers.



A coupla Carrolls—Madeleine and Nancy (right) say "Howdy." Though she hasn't made a picture in some time, Nancy's right there in the spotlight with the rest of the celebs.

Lights! Cameras! First nights! They're all part of the star business

GOING PLACES

ELIZABETH ALLAN'S OFF TO THE CORONATION





Gloria sets out with rake, sprinkler, and shears.



"Gardening's a cinch!" thinks the Stuart gal.



Craving variety, she starts to prune the old family tree.



Then she gets right down to earth with her trowel.



"Let's see now, should the dirt cover the bulbs or vice versa?"



Sprinkle, sprinkle, little star, you look cute as you are!



The day is done and— Gloria Stuart's done for!

GLORIA STUART TAKES TIME OFF TO WORK!

HER DAY OF REST

WOMAN CHASES MAN!

But, sh-h-h, it's only in a mad movie, starring Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea




Joel and his gadgets make themselves at home.


Miriam knows it's wise to seem intrigued.


Girl likes boy and boy's beginning to like it.


Hmm, feining disinterest, Joel? Be careful!


A dark horse enters Miriam's marital race.


Director John Blystone referees a rousing row.



A STAR WRITES HER BEST BEAU

Olivia wisely figures that the main idea is to keep him in suspense. But suppose he's not good at guessing games? Tch, tch, what to do!





GOOD

Our Hollywood sleuth tracks



Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., two of Hollywood's romantic people, are seen together a lot.

And here we have "Love in Bloom," featuring Virginia Bruce and David Niven, who seem to be having a gay time at the Grove.

Best way to see Bob Taylor, if you feel you can't go on without seeing Bob Taylor, is to drop into the Beverly Brown Derby most any Saturday evening. On Saturdays, when day is done and the greasepaint is off, Bob and Barbara Stanwyck grab their favorite mounts and do a few turns on the bridle path. Later in the evening, still wearing their riding clothes, they drop into the Derby for late supper. Without the horses, of course.

■ ■ ■

More Taylor-Stanwyck Data: When they were co-starring in "This Is My Affair," it was amusing to note that Taylor was being paid $3,500 per week for romancing Barbara Stanwyck during the day—and in the evenings he did the same thing for nothing. But during the entire production, the gang at the studio commissary didn't get a peek at the screen's Number One romantic pair, for Bob and Barbara took advantage of the fact that they were working together and lunched daily in the Stanwyck dressing-room.

■ ■ ■

First time we've seen Marlene Dietrich without Doug Fairbanks, Junior, was at luncheon recently at the Brown Derby. Marlene, in one of those hats beyond the power of mere man to describe, plus furs down to here, lunched with a stranger (to us, not to her), while two tables away Fairbanks the Younger was busy telling all to a lady interviewer. The separation wasn't permanent, for they were together again at a preview that night.

■ ■ ■

When Hollywood goes for something, it goes the whole route. During the Santa Anita racing season, for instance, everyone from school kids to picture moguls placed their ready cash on the noses of their favorite steeds. One producer, a devotee of horseflesh, had a race-track handicapper as his house guest during the entire season. Every morning the guy handed the host his choices for the day. But what the producer didn't know was that his young niece copied them down each day and distributed the tips to all her pals in grade school.

■ ■ ■

Fun and frolic went on as usual at the annual Academy Award banquet, but the speech of the evening was Victor McLaglen's. As winner of last year's acting trophy, he was called upon to present the 1936 statuette to Paul Muni. Warming up to his subject, Victor went on and on, and wound up with a neat little oration on the subject of how much he'd like to win another statuette, and all the while Muni, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts, and the rest of the world waited.

■ ■ ■

So many "takes" were needed for a death

NEWS

down the latest hot news of Spring and passes it on to you

By Leo Townsend

Photos by Frank Muto

scene in "Parnell," that Clark Gable became slightly bored with expiring, and each time the shot became less effective. Finally Director John Stahl hit on an idea. Instead of turning on "The Moonlight Sonata," as had been done for the other takes, he ordered "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You." It is nice to report that Gable immediately died peacefully and with dispatch.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood, too, has its sit-down strikers. When Director Stahl came on the "Parnell" set one day, in a pair of trousers leaning definitely toward plaid, the cast took one look and sat themselves down firmly. "We're not going to move," announced Myrna Loy, "until that situation is changed." Poor Mr. S. had to borrow a pair of overalls from a prop man before he could get any work out of the company.

■ ■ ■

Short Story: Ever since he was first "discovered," Michael Whalen has been driving an ancient wreck of considerable vintage. Recently, with a couple of options under his belt, he drove the hack to an automobile dealer's to turn it in on a new car. While he was inside dickering, a truck sideswiped his machine and demolished it. The happy ending is that the insurance he received was twice the amount the trade-in would have brought him. Proving that wrecks sometimes pay!

■ ■ ■

Diplomacy Note: Last year, when Luise Rainer's mother arrived in Hollywood from Vienna, she was horrified at the sight of her daughter prancing about town in slacks. She told her they were undignified, and asked her to stop wearing them, but Luise paid no attention. Last month, Hubby Clifford Odets objected to the slacks, but he employed smarter tactics. He told her she was much too beautiful to go around town wearing pants. You know what happened. Luise and her slacks have parted company.

■ ■ ■

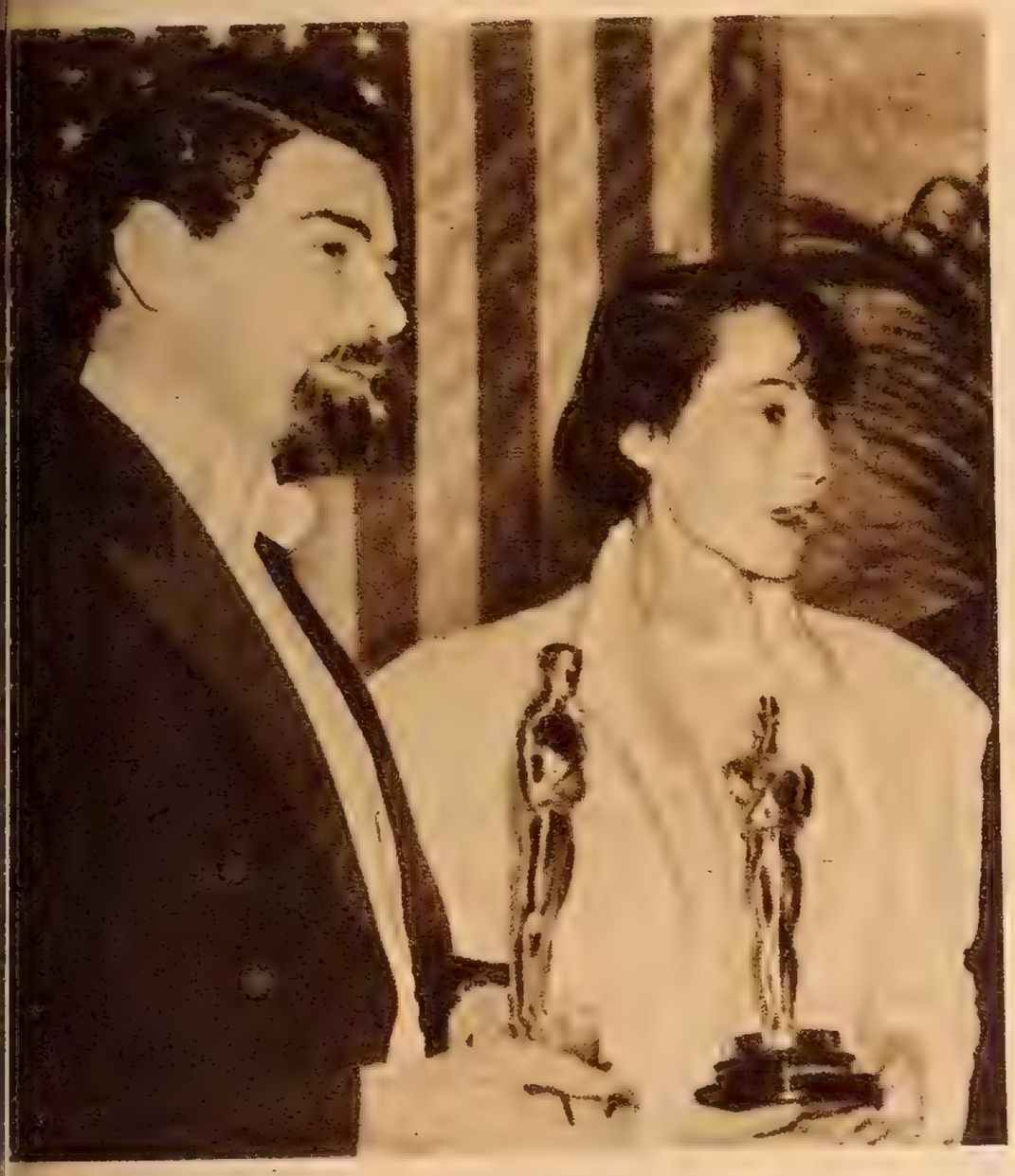
Gail Patrick was lunching at a Hollywood café when a tourist rushed up to her. "You look enough like Gail Patrick," said the visitor, "to be her sister. You ought to be in pictures." "Oh, I don't think so," said Gail. "I've tried—but nothing ever happens."

■ ■ ■

There's an amusing story around town concerning a prominent producer and his lady friend. When her birthday came around, the young lady anticipated something more or less regal in the way of a gift from her favorite gentleman. A package arrived, and she opened it to discover a charm bracelet with a single charm. With a sigh of disgust, she gave the thing to her maid. Next day the maid resigned, and a week later our young gal learned that had she opened the bracelet's charm she'd have found a $5,000 bill.

■ ■ ■

Adolphe Menjou, whose present film salary runs into the customary eight or nine million figures, began his career most inauspiciously. His net profit on his first day's work, in fact, was forty cents. It was in New York in 1914, and Adolphe the Elegant was cast as an extra in a mob



"You wouldn't kid me?" Luise Rainer may be asking. She and Paul Muni, with their trophies, at the Academy Awards dinner.



Herbert Marshall and Simone Simon ready to join the fun of the Academy dinner, at the Biltmore.

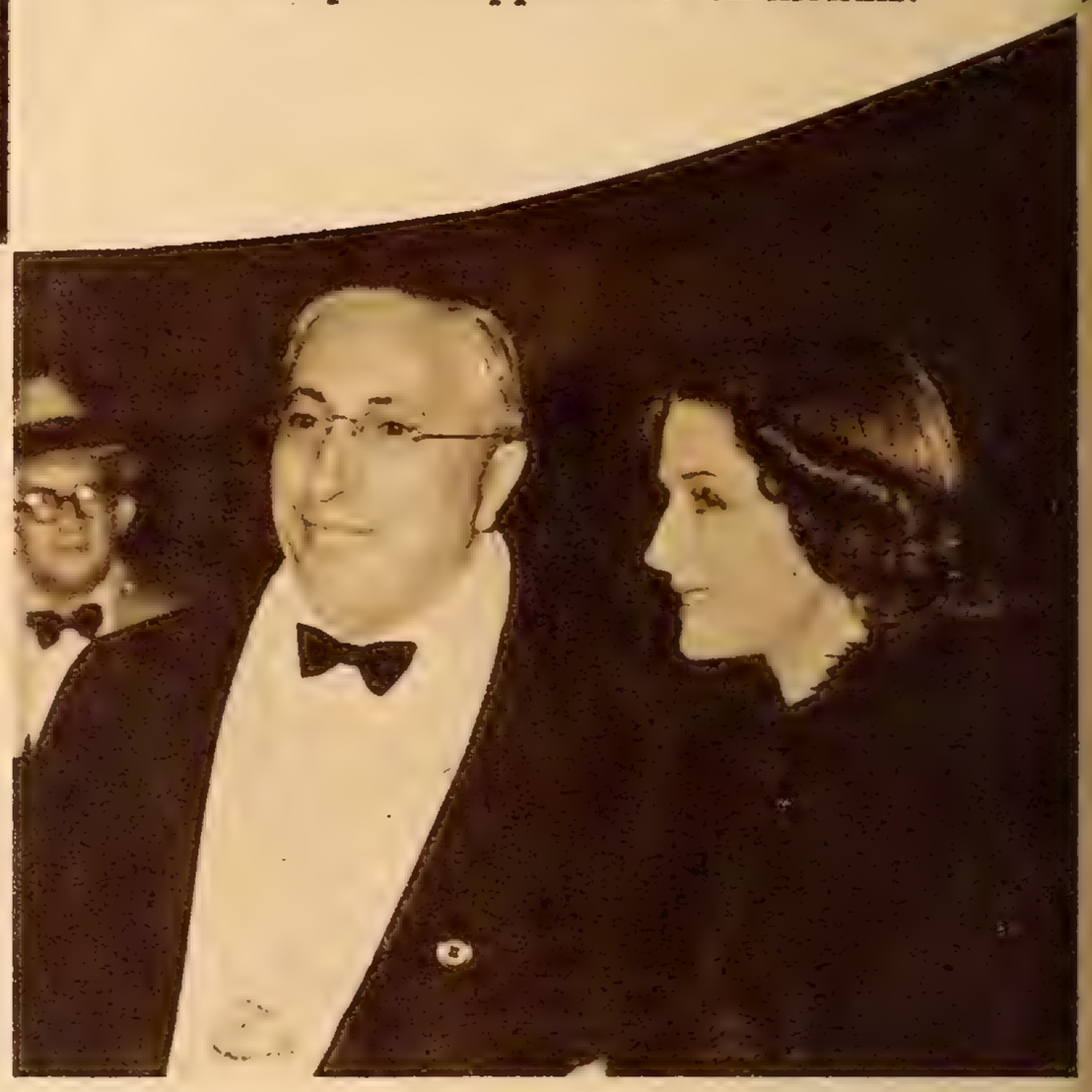




Miriam Hopkins and her "steady," Antatole Litvak, attended the Academy Dinner, too.

Also present were Jean Parker, and Hubby George MacDonald (left), who acts shy.

Norma Shearer, with Louis B. Mayer, made her first public appearance in months.



scene. His day's salary was $1.50, out of which he paid fifty cents to his agent and sixty cents for lunch. Net profit: forty cents.

■ ■ ■

In spite of the fact that, during the shooting of "Maytime," John Barrymore had to read some of his lines from an off-scene blackboard, his studio is renewing its contract with the actor. The studio feels that the blackboard was necessitated by Barrymore's mental stress at the time, for it was during the shooting of "Maytime" that all of his marital trouble came to a head. Anyway, John is still a better actor than many a well-paid screen star—and blackboards are not expensive.

■ ■ ■

An interviewer dropped over to the "Toast of New York" set, while the picture was in production, to see Cary Grant, who co-stars with Frances Farmer and Edward Arnold. "He isn't here," a prop man told the gal. "He only works here. But if you want him you'll find him over on the 'Shall We Dance?' set." Seems there was a Miss Rogers employed there.

■ ■ ■

Cowboy star Gene Autry may be a hero to all lovers of open-air drama, but he doesn't quite make the grade in his own home town. Several months ago, Gene was scheduled for a personal appearance in his native city of Tioga, Texas. On the same day, the good citizens decided on a vote to change the name of their town to Autry. Our hero, who always arrives in the nick-of-time on the screen, was unavoidably detained, and showed up for his personal appearance several hours late. And just to prove how fleeting is fame, the good citizens counted the votes and found that the change of name had lost by three votes. So Tioga is still Tioga.

■ ■ ■

After a hard day at the studio, some gals rush to a masseuse for relaxation, and others dash to the Trocadero. But Alice Faye is different. After the day's quota of studio emoting is over, Alice goes to the privacy of her boudoir and burns incense. It's sort of a spiritual rubdown, she thinks. Maybe we'll try it some day and find out.

Affair of the month was Ginger Rogers' roller-skating party at the Culver City Rollerdrome. With Alfred Vanderbilt, she entertained the cream of Hollywood society—the first time the cream of Hollywood society had even been on skates en masse. And it was much fun, and several of our more dignified citizens spent most of the evening landing on the most undignified places. Joan Crawford probably counted more bruises than anyone. Best skater on the party was Cesar Romero.

■ ■ ■

You can tell who's who in Hollywood by attending the previews. If you're a star, the extent of your popularity is in direct proportion to the number of fans who mob you on the way out of the theatre. At the "Personal Property" preview, Bob Taylor, with Barbara Stanwyck, tried to get out the front door, but several hundred people blocked his way. Finally a studio publicity man fought his way through the throng to the Taylor car and drove it around to the theatre's back entrance. And Bob and Barbara made their getaway by the simple process of climbing down a fire-escape. Thanks for the tip, Bob. We must try that next time.

(*Continued on page* 115)



Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Unusable?
In 14-day Test, 8 Popular Brands of Polish
Evaporated 35% to 60%

New Cutex Polish
is usable to the last Drop



The New Cutex Evaporates Less Than Half as Much as Ordinary Polish

IN an actual test—14 days of exposure to the air—8 popular brands of nail polish evaporated 35% to 60%. Became so thick and gummy as to be practically impossible to use.

Amazing Contrast . . . But the New Cutex Polish—both Crème and Clear—came through this same test with *less than half* as much evaporation. Standing for 14 days in uncorked bottles, it ended up as smooth flowing and easy to apply as ever!

Cutex offers you a distinct and worth-while saving. There's practically no loss by evaporation or thickening!

And this new economy feature is just *one* of Cutex's many advantages. It's already famous for its finer lacquer, higher lustre, easier application and longer wear—for its freedom from peeling and chipping—and for its 11 smart shades, including 5 new "smoky" tones. A grand value, any way you look at it!

The New Cutex is still only 35¢ a bottle—Crème or Clear—at your favorite shop. Stock up today!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-M-6
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Old Rose ☐ Robin Red ☐ Burgundy ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City State

TRY THESE *New Smoky Shades*

MAUVE—A soft, misty lavender pink. Perfect with all blues and grays, and with delicate evening pastels.

RUST—A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown undertone. Perfect with green, deep brown, beige, orange and copper—and this summer with sun-tanned fingers.

OLD ROSE—A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering to the wearer—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

ROBIN RED—A new, soft deep red everyone can wear. Goes with everything, day or evening. Very sophisticated with black and white.

NEWEST SHADE

BURGUNDY—A brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white, carnelian or wine, and electrically smart with blue.



They're on "Top of the Town"—these two gay New Yorkers of 1960! Just imagine Doris Nolan and George Murphy transplanted to the giddy night life of a city made up of glass skyscrapers. But that's part of the plot, with Gertrude Niesen at her torchiest tuning and George turning in some fancy footwork. There's a huge cast, to boot, of comedians, dancers and chorus lovelies. Lots of fun.

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess OF *Leinster*

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin





• Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

• (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CF, Clinton, Conn,
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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BRIDE REVEALS ALL!

Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire

at 3¢ a portion!

THREE things make Franco-American Spaghetti a life-saver for brides and limited budgets. First, it tastes so good that hungry young husbands clamor for more. Second, it is such concentrated nourishment that with it you need only a salad and perhaps a fruit dessert for a satisfying meal. Third, it costs so little! Imagine—a can usually costs only ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion.

Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will convince you right away. Ready to heat and eat, how it does save time! It's grand for making meals out of leftovers, too! Try this!

DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER

Panbroiled meat balls
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
Buttered beets
Cottage pudding with tart fruit sauce

SERVES 4 • COSTS 60¢

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 66
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dining with Don

(*Continued from page 17*)

Honore's suggestions for padding and stretching these basically fine dishes so that they will serve two or three more than originally intended.

Although all of Mrs. Ameche's recipes are excellent, we'll begin with Baked Lamb Loaf, a favorite Ameche recipe, and first in mention in our booklet. This particular meat loaf calls for ground lamb and makes it especially welcome for Spring menus. It can be served either hot or cold, with a Horseradish Sauce, which gives it that "certain something" in piquant flavor that lamb sometimes lacks. Of course, the recipe for the sauce also is given in the leaflet.

But just now, let's see what we can do with this dish to make it go farther. After all, you might think, if the loaf is already cooked when the company arrives, there isn't much one could do to stretch it out. But that's where you'd be mistaken, according to Honore. Bring it in as a loaf and it might look pretty slim, she admits; but slice the meat, arrange it on a platter, and garnish that platter to the hilt, and you'll have something really substantial-looking.

For garnishes, you can raid the refrigerator and the shelves of the pantry closets with amazing results, if you use a little ingenuity. Sliced tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, quartered hearts of lettuce, pickles, olives, sprigs of watercress or parsley; canned baby beets, asparagus tips; baked or kidney beans used to stuff whole tomatoes; these are but a few of the countless possibilities that suggest themselves, offhand. Line them up as a general does his shock troops, and throw them into the breach to meet the onslaught of the hungry horde.

NEXT on our list is our vegetable dish, in this instance Corn Sauté. Since you can prepare this for the oven in five minutes, and let it cook for thirty minutes without watching, while you're setting the extra place at the table and serving the first course, it's a splendid meal-stretching recipe in itself. It also lends itself to some fine padding possibilities, so that the usual family serving of four portions can be made to take care of two "extras" without detracting from its appeal. With this recipe in your files, you can have a safe feeling at all times, when it comes to needing a last-minute vegetable dish. So, hereafter, when company arrives at the zero hour, forget the too-few string beans you intended having—they'll keep till tomorrow, anyway—and serve Honore Ameche's version of Corn Sauté.

Creamed Shrimps Catalina is another recipe of the Ameches which has infinite padding possibilities. In the first place, since the recipe calls for rice anyway, you can just cook up more rice. Make more sauce, also, which will give the "only can of shrimps in the house" elastic qualities you never before suspected. Add a little of this and that, which you may have on hand, the half-cup of cooked peas you were wondering how to use up; a stalk or two of celery, shredded very fine so that it will cook quickly; the mushroom stems you had vaguely thought of making into soup, etc. Best of all ideas, perhaps, is Honore's suggestion that you serve the shrimp mixture in patty cases and make a very little go a long way.

"Oh, yes," I seem to hear you snort indignantly, "and where do I get patty cases at the last minute?"

You don't get them, my loves, you make them out of bread. Just remove the crusts from a loaf of unsliced bread, slice into two-inch pieces, scoop the center out of each piece to make a good size depression, brush the "cases" with butter, generously, and place them in the oven to brown. Fill with the shrimp combination, garnish with parsley, and there you are! And your guests will praise you to the skies!

On many an occasion, the Ameches serve their own favorite spaghetti dish on short notice. This calls for a Meat Sauce which, unlike any I've ever heard about before, does not require hours of preparation and cooking. If you open a can of spaghetti and heat it in one pan, while you are preparing the sauce in another, the whole dish will be ready for the table in ten minutes. And that's par on any stove.

So if you have a sneaking suspicion that your relatives are going to forget about the time of day when they next pay you a visit, just have on hand the supplies called for on this particular card, in this month's recipe leaflet. Then, if they bring along cousin Jimmy, you can open up a second can of spaghetti and the meat sauce will stretch to meet the demands of this crucial moment.

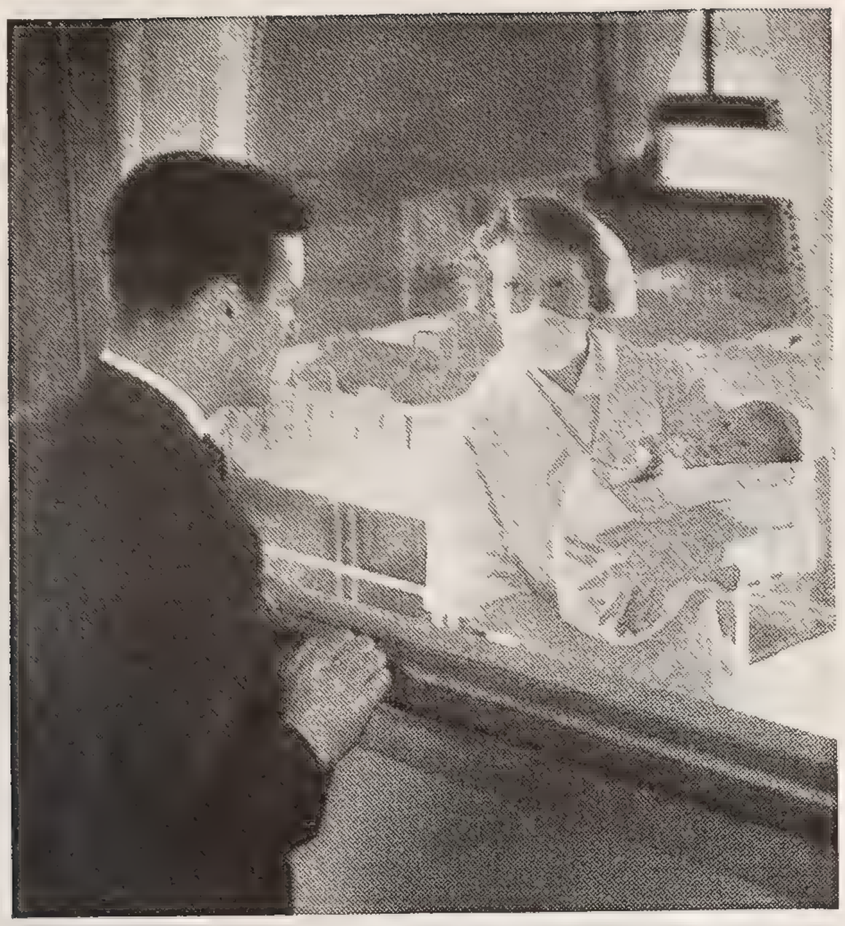
The fruit salad can be a springtime sensation, or an all-year-'round favorite, according to whether you use fresh or canned black cherries. In both cases the cherries should be pitted, of course, and piled in a lettuce cup with a topping of mayonnaise to which whipped cream has been added. Surrounding the cherries should be cream cheese and nut balls, about the size of butter balls, and at least three to each serving. Or you can be really original and follow a suggestion rather hesitatingly made by Mrs. Ameche. She tried it recently with great success, but it's rather of a nuisance, she admitted to me, so don't say I didn't warn you. But it's such a cute idea that I wanted to tell you about it, regardless, for I know it would make a big hit with the bridge club.

When you have removed the pits from the largest black cherries you can buy, you place in the resulting cavities the tiniest of portions of cream cheese mixed with finely chopped nut meats. You close the cherries over these tasty "pits," and place them on the salad plates in such a way that no one suspects that the cherries have been stuffed. Not a suggestion for your last-minute-unexpected-guests, this one, but not to be overlooked either, if you like to surprise your girl friends. Let me remind you that cheeses of all sorts and descriptions, are marvelous salad-stretching aids. Crackers also add distinction, and more important still, filling qualities, to this popular course. So serve salad with cheese and crackers, by all means, if you want to stretch your meal.

ADDING a first course that you had not planned on having is one of the best ways to make slim pickings seem more generous, advises Honore Ameche. A can of rich cream soup, topped with whipped cream and sprinkled with crisp puffed cereal grains, will take care of the first onslaught of ravenous guests in fine fashion, and make them look less critically on the small meat servings that follow.

Well, there remains but to mention the cake recipe and to give you Mrs. Ameche's Fried Chicken specialty. I'll admit I never

(*Continued on page 81*)



From the very first day of his life a baby lives in a SPECIAL *world. Everything he gets is made especially for him.*



*...*SPECIAL *soap and powder to keep him clean and comfortable.*



*...*SPECIAL *foods to keep a youngster thriving.*



*...*SPECIAL *dental care to keep young teeth sound and straight.*



*...*SPECIAL *toys to keep the mind growing.*



...And a SPECIAL *laxative to keep the body healthy...Fletcher's Castoria.*

What a grand start a modern youngster gets!

EVERYTHING MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HIM...EVEN TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

YES, *even a special laxative.*

After all, he is only a tot. His system isn't sturdy enough for the hurly-burly effects of an "adult" laxative . . . even when given in "smaller doses."



That is the reason why many doctors often suggest Fletcher's Castoria. For, as you know, Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple—made especially and *only* for children.

It couldn't possibly harm the tiniest infant system because it contains no harsh "adult" drugs . . . no narcotics . . . nothing that could cause cramping pains.

It works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently urges the muscular movement. It is SAFE . . . mild . . . yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



It is also important to remember that a child should take a laxative willingly. Doctors say the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medicine he hates can throw his entire nervous system out of order. That's why even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it.

More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Fletcher's Castoria. Why not stay on the safe side and keep a bottle handy in *your* home? You can never tell when you'll need it.

You can buy Fletcher's Castoria at any drug store. Ask for the Family Size Bottle. It saves you money. *The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on the red-bordered band on the box.*

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children



For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So *don't* trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the *two-way* protection so many dentists advise.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. **Massage gums** briskly with ½ inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End *half-way* care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

★

YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH A CREAM AS THE NEW

Armand Blended Cream

TRIAL SIZES: 10c AND 20c
LARGE SIZES: 50c AND $1

At Most Toilet Goods Counters

FOR A FREE SAMPLE MAIL COUPON Before June 15

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa:
Please send free sample of Armand Blended Cream.

Name

Address

City State

I buy my cosmetics at the following store:

.....

What Has Success Done to Robert Taylor?

(*Continued from page 29*)

was also self-effacing. He had a sense of humor, but it was subdued.

In short, he did not give the impression of being actor-ish. He was putting on no act. He was taking no bows. He was singularly unspoiled by the hullabaloo. He was as regular as the next fellow, three years out of college, doing work he liked, working hard and only hoping that he was doing all right.

One year ago!

No one could experience what he has experienced since then without being affected in some way. What has Life been doing to Robert Taylor?

I discovered, among other things, that there is a buoyancy about Bob now that was lacking then. He is more carefree, less subdued. He has shaken off the stiffness of self-consciousness, which still was noticeable a year ago. He was feeling his way then, a bit like a man venturing upon unpredictable ice. Now he has found that his footing is secure. He has more self-confidence. He handles himself more easily. He is having a better time. He is obeying his impulses more.

For instance, I found him on the rafters, of all places, on the set of "Personal Property." A year ago, he might have had the impulse to light out for the rafters between scenes, but he wouldn't have acted upon it. His fear of making himself conspicuous would have stopped him.

That is a fear that he has lost in this past year. Nothing that he could do would add to the conspicuousness that has been thrust upon him. And if he is going to be conspicuous, no matter what he does—well, he might as well unleash a few impulses, and enjoy himself.

THERE are few stars who have that attitude; few stars who can unbend to the extent of forgetting their professional poise. Clark Gable is one of those few. And, if you'll notice, Clark and Bob are cronies. They are constant luncheon companions; they and their girl friends go on picnics together. Technically, each may be the other's most dangerous screen rival. Actually, they have a great deal in common. Neither one of them can bother with posing. It would spoil too much fun.

When Bob came down from the rafters, where, it seemed, he had been chased by a prop man who had been a victim of one of his jokes, I asked him if he had to go aloft often.

"Say, I practically live up there," he told me. "I guess I didn't get in my quota of climbing when I was a kid. Or maybe it's an urge for exercise. God knows I need more exercise. There's a certain satisfaction in being able to see all over the place, getting a perspective on life's little ironies. The biggest set doesn't look so big from a cat-walk forty feet up. No player looks big. We're all just specks of humanity, to the fellow up on the cat-walks. That's a nice deflating thought. Something like the unimportance you feel in a plane.

"I guess this is about the first time anybody has known, though, that I hit for the rafters on occasion. And it isn't an urge for privacy that lures me upward. It's just an urge to keep moving, I guess.

"No, I haven't lost that urge for privacy. I still have it. But I don't have it on a movie set. I haven't gone temperamental yet. I like to move around, have some laughs, between scenes. This is one place where I don't feel as if I'm being watched."

I told him that I was there to find out how his life and he had changed since one year ago. He took the matter under consideration. He went through a detailed self-examination.

"Well, one thing I couldn't help noticing a year ago was that I had about as much privacy as an information clerk in a booth in the middle of Grand Central Station. I have more now than I had then. I stay at home more. Or at least I'm at somebody's home.

"After a year of it, I still get a big bang out of being recognized, and asked for my autograph. It still doesn't seem like something that ought to be happening to Arlington Brugh of Beatrice, Nebraska. I'd be a little cracked if I didn't get a bang out of it. Believe me, I'm grateful when fans do crowd around. But there's a tension about the bang, too. I still can't feel at ease, seeing people watching me eat. And, dancing in public, I don't feel like any Astaire.

"I used to try to kid myself into thinking I was having a good time at night clubs. But I've given up. Even if nobody was watching me, looking for material for a new romance rumor, dancing wouldn't be fun. You can't dance in one of these night clubs. You can't move more than an inch at a time. There isn't any room. That's another reason why I haven't danced in months.

"The romance rumors were getting me down a year ago. I'd pick up a morning paper and see that I was rumored in love with one girl, then read in an evening paper that I was rumored That Way about an entirely different girl. I couldn't be seen with any girl that somebody didn't try to make something of it. I used to wonder how I could ever hope to have any genuine friendships. Rumors would wreak havoc with a friendship before it could even get under way.

"This last year, I've learned how to let rumors roll off my back. I've learned how to laugh at them. That's possible, if a girl laughs at them, too. And Barbara (Stanwyck) does. They haven't affected our understanding in the least.

"It isn't what rumors do to you that's embarrassing. It's what they may do to someone else.

"Jean Harlow and I, for example, met for the first time just three weeks before we started this picture. Most people don't know that. And they don't know that Jean and I were assigned to make this picture together. They see that we get along swell—and they jump to conclusions. That's how rumors start.

THE first day of the picture, Jean received a big box of flowers, with no card enclosed. She wondered if I had sent them. I hadn't. But if she kept on receiving anonymous boxes of flowers, I had visions of a flock of rumors about the two of us. Which wouldn't bother me particularly, but they might bother Jean, not to mention Bill Powell.

"So I went to a publicity man and said, 'If anyone asks if I'm sending Jean flowers, tell him "No."' I wanted to head off rumors, if possible. Sure enough, a columnist did ask. The publicity man, instead of just answering 'No,' told him what I had said. The result was that the columnist gave his readers the impression that

(*Continued on page 78*)

"It really began with this snapshot"



"I'D heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

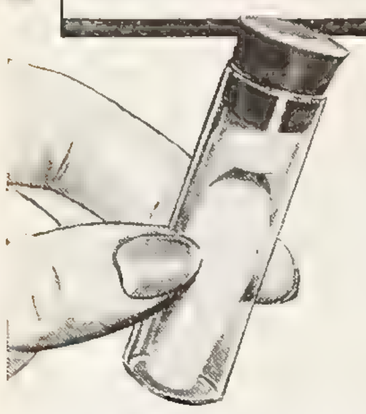


By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances...use it always... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN! BE SMART

Don't be victims of old-fashioned prudery and stupidity

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT



FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem...Happy when she lives *without fear*...Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages...*Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now bring you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 645 New Brunswick, N. J.

IN 12 INDIVIDUAL GLASS VIALS — **$1 PER BOX OF TWELVE**

Zonitors

MADE BY ZONITE

A New Freedom

FOR WOMEN!

APPROVED SANITARY PROTECTION

to be Worn Internally ...

NO PADS

NO PINS

NO BELTS

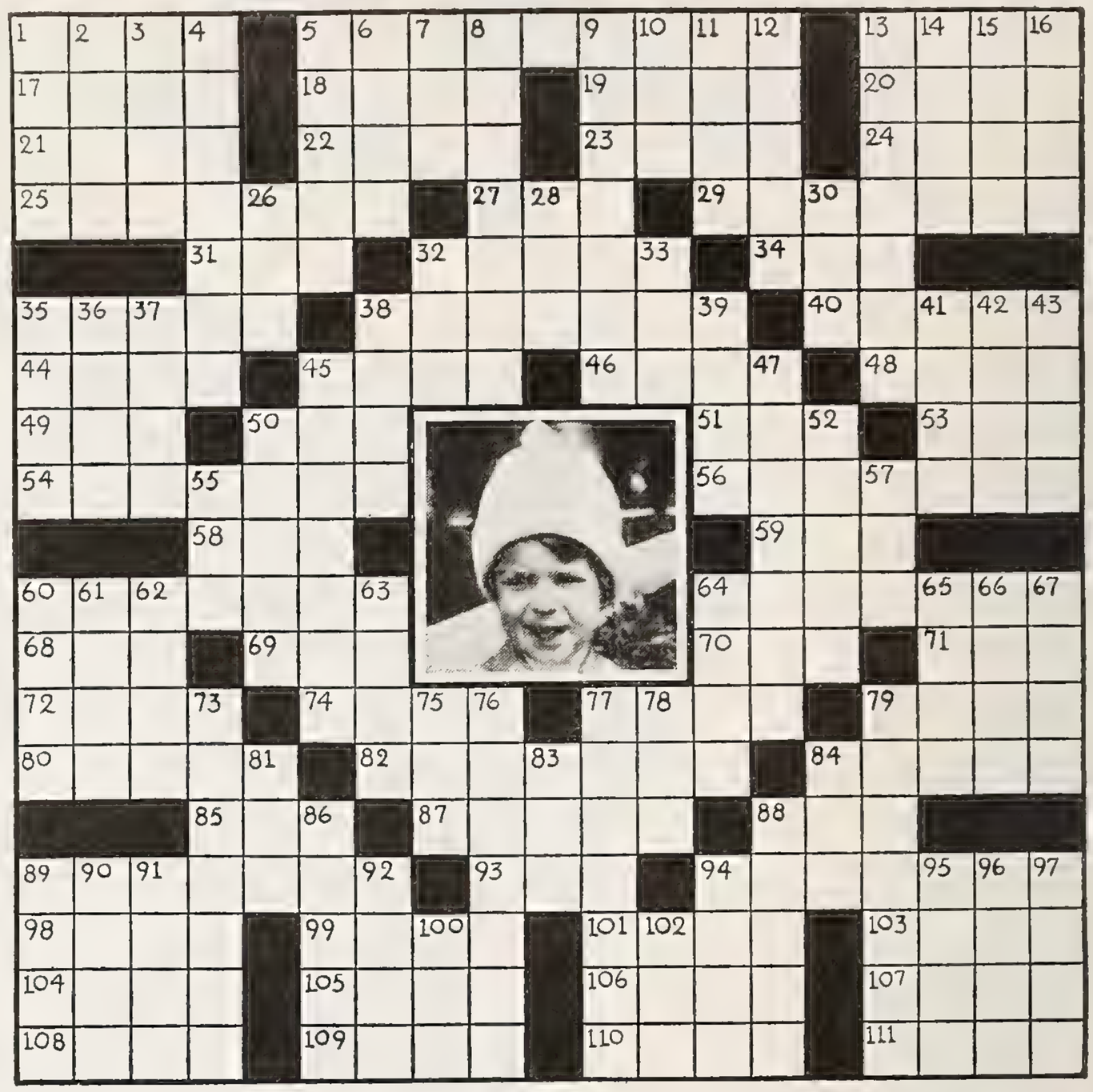
Once you have known the glorious freedom and comfort of Holly-Pax, the modern method of sanitary protection, you'll never go through a period without it.

Worn internally, Holly-Pax is never felt, and never shows. No fussing with pins or belts. Holly-Pax is approved by the Bureau of Feminine Hygiene. Package of Four, 10c.

holly-Pax

AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solutions appear on Page 88

ACROSS

1 and 5. The gentleman pictured in the puzzle
13. Obtains
17. Airplane: colloquial
18. Margarine
19. Halo of light
20. Operatic song
21. Stage play from which the movie "Sadie Thompson" was made
22. Killed
23. Period of time
24. Martha Raye played in "- - - - away Girl"
25. Pat O'Brien appeared in the "Great - - - - - - -"
27. Hobo
29. Sport shoe
31. Goddess of the Dawn
32. Cupid's weapon
34. Hang heavily
35. Meat sauce
38. They thought she'd replace Clara Bow
40. Actor, ex-president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
44. Depend on
45. Remain
46. Lifeless
48. First name of the girl who was "Nine Days a Queen"
49. Cuckoo
50. This girl is one of the "Souls at Sea"
51. Brownie
53. First name of the comedian whose crossed eyes were his fortune
54. Mrs. Roger Pryor
56. Lady Cavendish's brother
58. Hearing organ
59. First name of the player of Karloff parts in the silent days
60. Newspaper
64. Iowa girl who was given "Cavalcade" role because of her British accent
68. Hole-punching tool
69. Greek E
70. Tree of New Zealand
71. Color
72. Left
74. Lover of Geraint
77. Tony Martin's big moment
79. Sense
80. Slow creature
82. The girl in "The Informer"
84. Rich boy in "Peck's Bad Boy"
85. Stinging insect
87. Astound
88. Girl: slang
89. Kleptomaniac in "Sing Me a Love Song"
93. Yes
94. The first name is Ketti, and she was born in Nice, France
98. Bitter plant
99. Steals
101. First name of the man who played "The Scoundrel"
103. Mixture
104. Roll or catalogue
105. Burden
106. She danced in "La Cucaracha"
107. This little fellow has been known to turn
108. George Arliss played in "- - - - Meets West"
109. Unaspirated
110. The war god, Mars
111. Disturbance of the eye: old spelling

PAGE

DOWN

1. Card game
2. 500 sheets of paper
3. Assam silkworm
4. He appeared with Harold Lloyd in "The Milky Way"
5. One of the Biblical characters portrayed in "The Green Pastures"
6. Friend in war
7. Letter of the alphabet
8. Carroll's fiancé in "On the Avenue"
9. Band leader in "That Girl from Paris"
10. Regret
11. Brazilian macaws
12. Stories
13. Mrs. Melvyn Douglas
14. First name of the actor who played that silly gigolo rôle in "The Gay Divorcee"
15. Ebb and flow of the ocean
16. Old Irish form of tenancy
26. Feminine lead in "Parnell"
28. Vase
30. Bring forth, as a lamb
32. Stage laugh
33. Sorrow
35. Mardi - - - - is celebrated in New Orleans
36. This city is the reverse of Yuma
37. Dismounted
38. Glamor girl imported from Russia
39. First American picture made by above star
41. Desert in Asia
42. Always
43. Ex-wife of Lew Ayres
45. Saw-toothed
47. Feel repulsion
50. She plays Nancy in "Nancy Steele is Missing"
52. Warner Brothers featured player, born in Lodz, Poland
55. That woman's
57. Also
60. Bones of the mouth
61. He helped to make "Trouble for Two"
62. A forearm bone
63. This girl marched on "The Road to Glory"
64. British star; her first name is Evelyn—if that helps
65. Gloria - - - -; she plays mostly in Westerns
66. This comic scene-stealer is in "Top of the Town"
67. Howl
73. A Met singer who appeared in "Metropolitan"
75. Man's name
76. Woven like damask
77. She spouted Shakespeare in "Ready, Willing and Able"
78. Three-quarters of the name of a player whose first name is Adrienne
79. She plays those "brat" rôles
81. Wheeler and Woolsey's screen girl friend
83. British comedy star
84. Chemical salt
86. "Rubber legged" comic who appeared in "Coronado"
88. Festive occasions
89. He's married to Jessie Matthews
90. Charles Lamb's pen name
91. Young lady in "Waikiki Wedding"
92. Man living on "Quality Street"
94. First name of the singing cowboy
95. Islet
96. Well ventilated
97. Jack Holt played in "North of - - - -"
100. Small cake
102. Belonging to us

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MOVIE

and other

PUZZLES

in the

July issue of

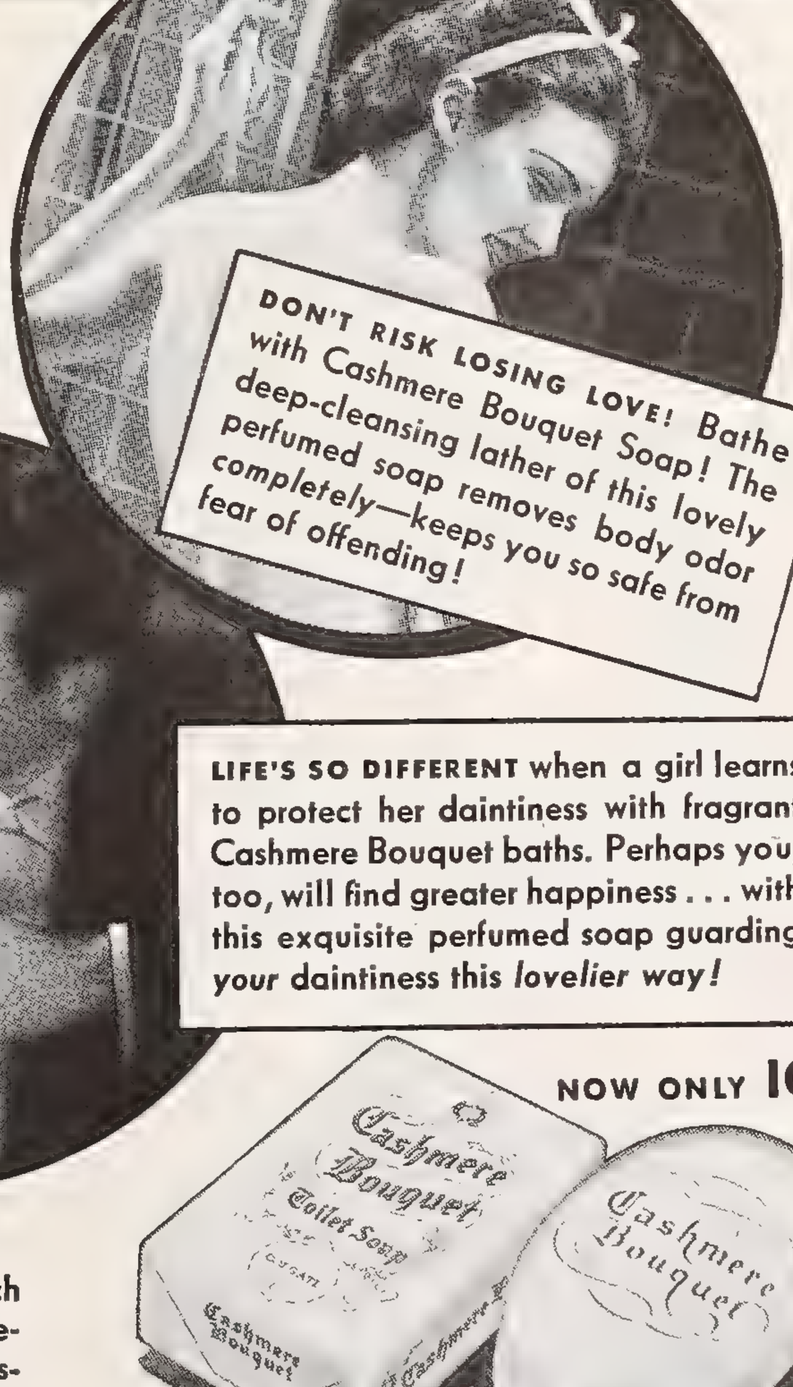
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SEE PAGE 109

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(*Continued from page 74*)

I was telling the world I wasn't sending Jean flowers!" Bob permitted himself an ironic grin.

"A year ago, I remember saying that I was impulsive about everything—except marriage. I can still say that. And I probably obey impulses more than I did then. I've shaken off some self-consciousness. But I still don't play my hunches in a big way. I've discovered that I'm not psychic. When I have a hunch, it's just a guess. And I'm not a good guesser.

"That's why I'm not making any long-distance plans for the future. I'll let events make my plans for me. Too much has happened to me, unexpectedly, for me to say, 'Well, next year, I guess I'll do this, and two years from now I'll do that.' Not that I'm so easygoing that I'm ambitionless. I'm not.

"My major ambition? Still what it was a year ago: To be an increasingly better actor. I've learned a lot this past year. I've *had* to learn a lot—to play opposite such stars as Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow. They know screen acting, all of them. But I know that I have plenty more to learn.

"A year ago, it looked as if I were on my way to being typed as a wealthy playboy on the screen. Since then, I've had a little variety—particularly in the costume parts in 'The Gorgeous Hussy' and 'Camille,' though I had my best time, making 'His Brother's Wife.' And I'm ambitious for plenty more variety. I don't want to get tired of my job, and I don't want audiences to get tired of *me*. I want to be an actor a long, long time.

"I had never been east of Michigan a year ago. I wanted to go. Well, I've been. Twice. Once to New York, once to Washington. I didn't see much of either. But I still have hopes of doing some traveling, seeing some of the world. I have a terrific yen for a trip on the Mediterranean. But if I can't get away long enough for that, I'll compromise on a trip to Hawaii. In fact, I've had my reservations three times for a trip to Honolulu. Once I was only three weeks away from leaving before I had to cancel, before I knew I couldn't get away, because of another picture coming up.

NO, I hadn't been really mobbed a year ago, I hadn't been to New York then. How do I like having my buttons ripped off? Well, it looks like part of the job." (He grinned.) "I get a laugh, though, out of some of the reports, like that one from New York that souvenir-hunters had taken my shoes. Boy, when they get me off my feet, they'll be going some!

"I've had some funny things happen to me because my screen name is 'Robert Taylor.' A Philadelphia women's club petitioned the studio to bill me under my own name, Arlington Brugh, because that was 'more unusual.' Then there was the woman who thought I was the son who deserted her. She wasn't kidding, either. I had to go to my lawyer to straighten that one out.

"And I never thought to live to see the day when billboards would scream, 'Garbo Loves Taylor, with "In Camille"' in small type beneath. Neither did Miss Garbo. After that, nothing in the type a columnist uses can look particularly startling to me.

"A year ago, I was living in a small house in Beverly Hills. A seven-room house is no mansion, especially in Beverly. I'm still in the same house; just signed a lease for another year, in fact—at an advanced rental. The story that my rent had been reduced because I was Robert Taylor was another laugh. I've given up my plans for building.

"My mother still lives where she did a year ago—four blocks away from me. My grandmother, a cousin and my secretary still live with her, still help me handle the largest part of my fan mail. I still see Mother every day, or call her.

"I still have just one servant—the same one I had last year; Joe Mondre. I have a little bigger car than I had then. I have a couple of riding horses—one that I bought, and one that was given me. I keep both of them in the Marwyck Stables." (Owned by Barbara Stanwyck and the Zeppo Marxes.) "I've given up tennis for horseback-riding, which permits more privacy. Those are the biggest changes in my mode of living. I still do pretty much the same things I was doing a year ago, except dancing and playing tennis; have the same interests. In fact, I feel like the same person.

"A year ago, I wasn't worrying about tax collectors. But this year they're going to get me—thank God." (A refreshing and unorthodox sentiment from a movie star.) "A year ago, I didn't have enough money to marry a Hollywood girl, even if I had been so inclined. Since then, the studio has torn up my contract twice, given me a couple of raises. But I still don't have much spare cash. The insurance companies are taking most of it. I'm investing in annuities.

"I was 'single'-minded a year ago—and I'm still 'single'-minded. Sometimes I think I probably always will be. If and when I do marry, the girl probably will be an actress. In my game, a fellow doesn't have much chance to get acquainted with any other girls. Not that I'm kicking; I'm not.

"But some interviewers must take me for a fall guy—trying to get me to describe my 'dream girl.'" (He grimaced at the phrase.) "I don't know as I have one. And if I have, I'm certainly not describing her. All I can say is that when I meet *the* girl, I'll know it—and I'll probably keep it to myself. Or is that just a hunch, too?

"I've developed one big weakness this past year—me, the ex-cello student—and that's swing music. When I get over to Barbara's house for dinner, the first thing I do is to put on a stack of swing records. She has one of those machines that changes records by itself. That's our dinner music. And we sit and scream at each other across the table, trying to make ourselves heard above Duke Ellington's band or Benny Goodman's."

Barbara, with whom he is about to make a second picture, still is his best girl friend. His best male friend, a year ago, was Don Miloe, a college chum who was then his stand-in. (His new stand-in is another college chum, Redmond Doms.) Today his best male friend is Clark Gable—with whom, by the way, he shares a hunting lodge, hidden away on an island near Santa Barbara, their favorite rest spot between pictures.

But Robert Taylor and his life have—as you have probably gathered—changed surprisingly little, one year after the furore started.

. . . "WHEN PRIMA DONNAS MEET"—guess what goes on? LILY PONS and GRACE MOORE actually get together in July MODERN SCREEN

Love at Twenty

(*Continued from page 50*)

"When I marry," she said, "I probably will elope in a street dress. I just want to know, like every girl, how I might look in white bridal satin, with veil and train and lilies-of-the-valley."

People used to think of June as "passive." Her delicate, camera-perfect features were nearly always in repose. Her blue eyes were quiet. Her posture was relaxed. She talked very little. She was vaguely pretty, vaguely interesting, vaguely self-conscious. A bit difficult to remember as an individual.

Today, how the girl is changed! Her face is animated, alive with expression. Her eyes shine. She carries herself with the unconscious poise of a girl buoyant with happiness. She talks vivaciously. There is nothing vague about her, nothing difficult to remember.

Love has wrought the transformation.

Anyone who knew June before she admitted to herself the importance of Victor Orsatti in her life, and has seen her since, can testify to this.

Mr. Orsatti, in case he needs identification, is one of the better actors' agents.

June first met him three years ago, at a time when she was firmly convinced that she should, could and would not fall in love until she was at least twenty-five. She didn't intend to let anything get in the way of her career.

Because she was afraid of learning to like him too well, weeks, sometimes months, would pass between their dates. Finally, last summer, just before she was to go to New York on vacation, they had a misunderstanding about the infrequency of those dates. They parted—forever.

She flew to New York. She had hardly reached her hotel room there when she received a wire, "Please come home. All is forgiven. Love. Vic."

When she returned, she said, "For no reason at all we started going together." Their engagement soon followed. The wedding date was indefinite, but the engagement was very definite.

THE first time I ever went out with Vic, I liked him. As we became better acquainted, that liking grew, until he meant more to me than any other boy had ever meant. And he seemed to like me more sincerely than anyone I had ever met. Perhaps we were in love from the very beginning. But I kept dodging the question.

"I was so ambitious for a career that I was afraid of love, afraid it would destroy the ambition that I had had ever since I was a little girl.

"It all started when I was just four. I had a little playmate who was very brunette; I was very fair. A dancing teacher dressed the little brunette as a boy, taught us a 'flirtation dance.' When the pupils of the school made a public appearance at a Minneapolis theatre, our dance 'stopped the show.' And my career began then and there.

"When I was six and a half, my family moved to California. My mother still sent me to dancing school. I loved dancing. I was positive that I wanted to go on the stage."

At fourteen, June—then June Vlasek—was dancing in a musical revue in Los Angeles' Mayan Theatre. A year later, she danced in another revue at the Orpheum. That led to a film test and a contract.

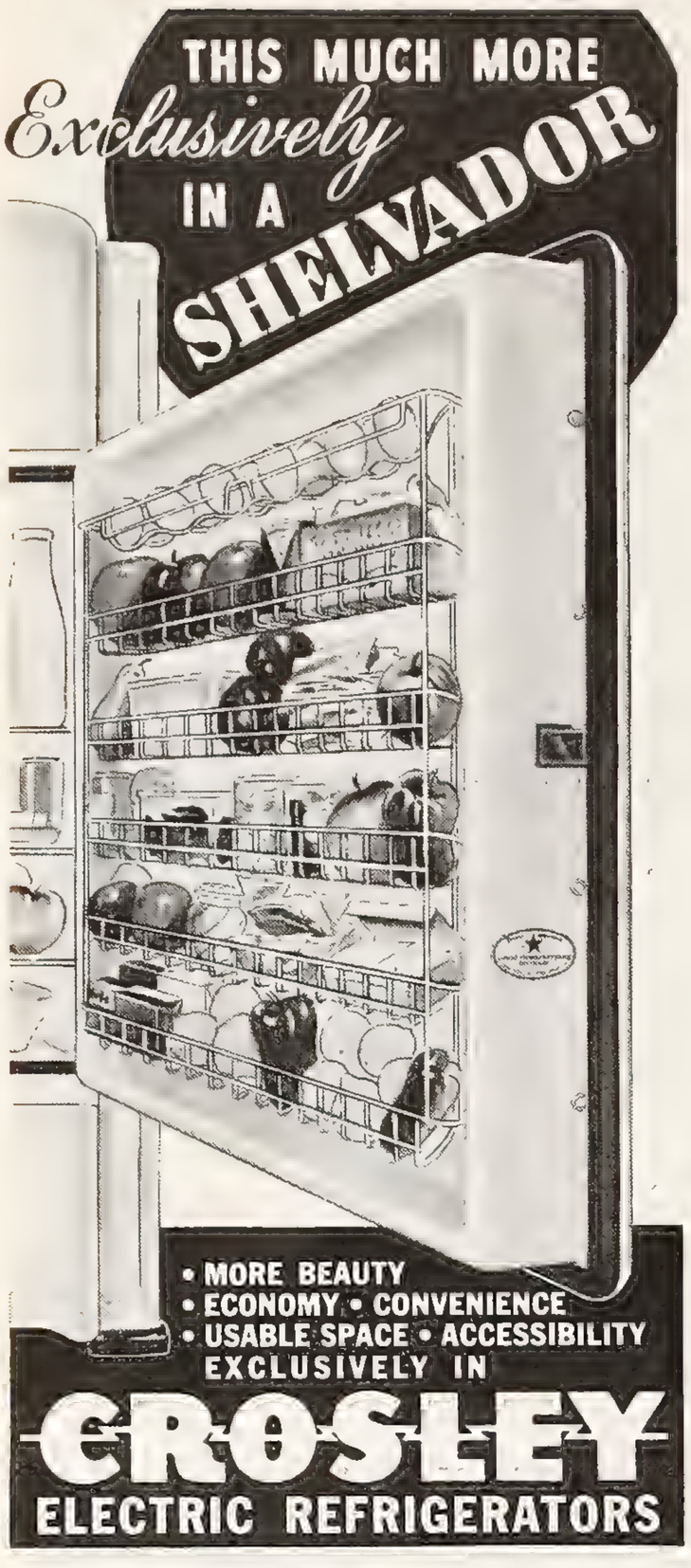
Then came the test of her earnestness. For months, she had nothing to do except pose for publicity portraits and study dramatics. She was undiscouraged. The dramatic coaching widened the horizons of her ambition. She might become more than a dancer; she might become an actress—if she tried hard enough, if she let nothing interfere.

After a time, she was given small roles, which were gradually growing larger—when there was a studio reorganization. Fox became 20th Century-Fox. Winfield Sheehan, production head, resigned. His less conspicuous "discoveries," and June was one of them, were automatically dropped from the contract list. For five months she was idle. Her career seemed over. Then Darryl Zanuck, new production head, happened to look over her old screen test. He rediscovered her, changed her name to June Lang.

Now, given a new chance, June was determined to let nothing swerve her from her ambition. Nothing. Not even love. Especially love.

In the past year, she has seen her career make great strides forward. She was chosen as model for the statue, "The Modern Venus." She was given the only feminine role in "The Road to Glory." She had the title role in "Nancy Steele Is Missing." Now she is playing Shirley





Temple's very young mother in Rudyard Kipling's "Wee Willie Winkie." And these roles have only added new fuel to her ambition.

Yet today she looks upon love as something indispensable in her life. Why?

Very quietly, very simply, she said, "I've discovered something that every girl probably discovers somewhere around twenty, no matter how ambitious she is: a career isn't enough for happiness.

"You won't admit that in your teens. You think nothing could be more wonderful than a career. You feel this tremendous urge for self-expression—and you say you'll never be happy until you have made something of yourself. Perhaps you're right. But you're only partly right.

"Ambition excites you, obsesses you. Your whole life revolves around one idea: if you're ever going to amount to anything, you'll have to do it while you're young. And you do want to amount to something—passionately. You drive every other thought out of your mind.

"Some day, you suppose, you will fall in love. But you don't intend to fall in love now. You fight against the very possibility. Love can wait—indefinitely. But love can't wait indefinitely. Moreover, it won't."

A smile hesitated on June's lips. "But you're lucky if it does wait until you're twenty. Twenty is such a marvelous age for falling in love!"

The smile hesitated no longer. "You're young. Thrillingly young. Practically all of life is ahead of you. Yet you're not too young to appreciate love—as you were at seventeen or eighteen.

YOU were far more easily flattered then than you are now. You were always in danger of falling 'in love with love.' You were too young to know yourself completely. Too young to know men, except by intuition, which isn't the surest guide on earth.

"That is, you were in danger unless you were mad to have a career, and were concentrating on that idea, and nothing else seemed important."

June smiled again, as if to say, "I'm beyond that particular danger and I'm also beyond thinking that a career is the only important thing in a girl's life."

She did say, "It's funny. You strive for independence, and attain it—and then discover it isn't what you want at all. You work and work to fulfill your dreams, and discover that your dreams have been incomplete, because you haven't had anyone to share them.

"You try to avoid love, as a possible menace to the career you've wanted as long as you can remember, and discover that, instead, love is an impetus to that career."

There probably isn't another girl of June's age in Hollywood, or anywhere else, to whom a career has been so important for so long a time. And this was the girl who was saying, "My career isn't any less important to me than it ever was. It's more important, if anything. But in a different way. Love has given me new perspective.

"The urge for self-expression is a driving thing. It won't let you rest. And it won't be stifled—even by love. But love doesn't demand that it be stifled. Love reinspires it. That is the amazing thing.

"I have more responsibilities today than I've ever had before. And I've never felt so carefree. I can remember—it wasn't so long ago—when a day was just another day. Now, rain or shine, every day is a new adventure. I can remember when I used to take life pretty much for granted. Now it is something exciting, something to enjoy to the utmost.

"Love has defeated loneliness. And every girl who is absorbed in a career to the exclusion of everything else *is* lonely, whether she admits it to herself or not.

"You know the emptiness of seeing the sea at sundown, or hearing beautiful music, completely alone? My life has been like that—until now. There has never been anyone before who could share my emotions, or anyone whose emotions I could share. I have been a prisoner, locked within myself. I've never known until now the thrill of understanding someone else almost instinctively—or having someone understand me.

"Everything seems more worth the doing, because someone cares what I'm doing. Life is more worth living because I have someone else to live it for, besides myself.

"Acting isn't the only thing I want to do now. I want to read, travel, have a beautiful home, do a hundred and one different things, live more completely. I feel like a different person, a more interesting person—whether I am or not.

"Having a career still seems important. But being a woman first seems infinitely more important."

That's why June Lang says, "Love is important at twenty."

Do you agree?

A FEW days after giving this interview, June Lang dumfounded everyone who knows her—and especially this interviewer—by breaking her engagement to Victor Orsatti.

This had looked like one of Hollywood's real love matches. For three years, neither June nor Vic had registered interest in anyone else. And June's engagement ring had been no ordinary jeweled circlet. Even in Hollywood, a man would hardly buy a two-thousand-dollar engagement ring (as Vic did for June) unless he were convinced, "This is love."

Then, suddenly, the ring was missing from June's hand. She had returned it. Within the next few days, she was seen at a variety of Hollywood events with a variety of escorts. Among them were Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., Douglas Fowley, Victor Orsatti. She explained that appearance with Vic, and subsequent appearances, by saying that they still were "good friends."

She would not explain the reason for the broken engagement. A columnist said the reason was "tribal interference." Friends hinted at maternal objections to the match.

Those same friends refuse to believe that the break is permanent. They believe that June and Vic were too much in love to fall out of love suddenly and completely.

Perhaps there was a major disagreement. Perhaps there were maternal objections. But there is one mystifying angle to the break. June Lang does not act like a girl who has broken an engagement. She shows not a sign of heartbreak or disillusionment. She has not lost an iota of that "girl-in-love glow."

Friends suspect that June and Vic impulsively decided to try a "separation test"—perhaps at the suggestion of June's mother; perhaps on their own initiative, after a quarrel. And that, in either case, they can't stay parted long. Their staunchest mutual friend says, "They're both as crazy about each other as they ever were."

Certainly, after seeing the still-glowing June, no one could suspect that she has changed her convictions about what love has done for her.

When she was asked if she has lost faith in love, her answer was a smile. A bit on the enigmatic side, but definitely a smile. And she shook her head.

Dining with Don

(*Continued from page 72*)

thought of cake as a speedy filler-in, but these Orange Balls are both quick and easy. Mixed in 1-2-3 fashion, they should be cooked in the smallest of cup cake pans, for the shortest of baking periods. They are then shaken out of the pans onto a cloth which has been liberally sprinkled with powdered sugar. You pick up the four corners of the cloth, shake it gently, and the cakes are ready to be served. What more could one ask? Which reminds me to remind you to be sure and ask for these recipes. You don't have to mention them individually or by name, for the coupon brings them all to you.

Be sure to try the Fried Chicken recipe that follows, too. Never tasted anything I thought so good, and as you can well imagine, I've fried many a chicken, according to countless different recipes. Hereafter, however, this is IT! I'll mention before giving it to you, of course, that even Fried Chicken can be stretched. Here again bread plays a role, as it can in so many instances. For example, place each piece of chicken on a triangle of toast, and pour the gravy over the whole thing. Or place the chicken on a platter, and surround with toast triangles garnished with currant jelly, or any other jelly you particularly like to serve with chicken.

By the way, Mrs. Ameche suggested to me that instead of frying the backbone, neck, and tip of the wings, you boil those separately to make a broth. And right then and there I knew, as I had suspected all along, that hers was a practical, sensible way of catering—a fact which you will find amply demonstrated in her very own recipes which I am offering you this month.

Meanwhile, here's the Fried Chicken. You'll love it!

FRIED CHICKEN, HONORE

1 large frying chicken
salt and pepper
2 tablespoons butter or bacon drippings
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup cold milk

Have the chicken cut into pieces as follows: two second joints; two drumsticks; two wings; the breast cut into two pieces; the backbone cut into four pieces, and the neck. Singe each piece and wipe with wet piece of cheese cloth. (Don't *wash* the chicken ever!) Dust chicken with salt and pepper, dredge with flour. Put chicken into frying pan with butter or bacon drippings. Brown quickly over hot fire, turning pieces frequently so as to brown evenly on all sides. When thoroughly browned, reduce heat, add 2 tablespoons water, cover pan and fry chicken slowly, turning frequently. More water may have to be added; if so, add only 2 tablespoons at a time. When chicken is tender, remove from pan and place on hot platter.

Make Cream Gravy as follows: mix the tablespoons of flour with whatever fat is left in pan. When smooth and free of lumps, add milk slowly. Boil three minutes, stirring constantly. The gravy, which should have a rich creamy color, may be passed separately or poured over the chicken.

Sometimes the Ameches prefer not to have Cream Gravy and, in that case, they merely pour the gravy left in the pan after frying, over the chicken after it has been placed on the serving dish. This is the way it is being served at the luncheon during which our picture was taken.

Simone Simon Defends Herself—And How!

(*Continued from page 35*)

what I do not really mean. I do not make familiarities with strangers. Those are words you use to someone you dearly love. I did not like it. I acted like that."

"I am told," I said, "that on the first day of 'Seventh Heaven' you did not appear on the set. You probably know that all Hollywood was abuzz with that rumor. It was said that you were going to have the flu again! What did happen?"

"That, too, is simple," sighed Simone. "They had wanted me to wear a wig in 'Seventh Heaven.' They tried wigs and wigs and wigs. None suited. I suggest that I wear my own hair. They make a test of me with my own hair and I am right. But that means that I must take two hours for make-up instead of one hour, as we had thought. My own hair has to be washed and curled, every morning I work, so that it looks the same and does not get darker or oily for the same sequence. I was delayed under a drier, that was all.

"Why, I wanted to get on that set as quick as I could get there. I wanted to meet Jimmy Stewart. I was so happy to meet him and we had so much fun together. The first day I was on the set I send them out to get two chairs for us. I make them mark one chair with my name and one chair with his name so that we can draw them together and talk by ourselves. And that is what we did all through."

And I knew that Simone was speaking the uncompromising truth. I had been told that during the making of "Seventh Heaven," if Jimmy went up on his lines, the famed Simone impatience was muted. And she would stand, angelically sweet and silent, until Jimmy delivered. Jimmy, on the other hand, did the same for her.

NOT even Hollywood was able to cook up any hysteria over Simone during the making of that picture. She would greet Director Henry King each morning with a lavish hug and a luscious kiss. Director King's dignity was somewhat shaken when each luncheon hour, his waitress in the studio cafe produced a compact from her apron pocket, showed him his cheek which bore the red replica of Simone's kiss and, as unostentatiously as possible, removed it for him. Sunshine and storm, that is Simone. And during the making of "Seventh Heaven" the sun was shining.

One of her co-workers said, "She sure can give you a headache and a run-around, that Simone. But she also can give you a heartache and a flash of belief in the decency of human beings. Sounds kinda poetic," he added diffidently. "Well, she isn't exactly prosy, that one!"

And then he told me another tale, which shows the warm beats of Simone's heart. Lee Frederick was the script girl for "Girls' Dormitory." And again for "Seventh



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Heaven." During the making of "Seventh Heaven," she came down with flu and couldn't seem to recuperate. Simone went straight to Mr. Zanuck and asked him to send Lee to the desert at her (Simone's) expense. Lee was not to know, she explained, who had sent her. The girl was sent to the desert and kept there, unknowing. A week later, Simone went to bed with a case of flu. She had saved Lee Frederick. Herself she had not spared.

Simone had sent for tea and cakes. She said, still perched upon the wall, "I like to 'piece out' with tea and cakes many times a day. I am always hungry. That is why I swim, play tennis and build this badminton court. This summer my secretary and I will go to a house on the beach so that I can swim all the time. I also have plans to build a house here. I am nuts about this Hollywood. Even though this Hollywood," she grinned, "thinks I am nuts, too."

I resumed my third degree. "I am told that there is a scene in 'Seventh Heaven' which shows you getting into bed. And that you gave orders that the set was to be strictly closed, no visitors allowed during the making of that scene. How come? The Simone dissenters who heard about this sniffed, of course, 'More temperament!'"

"That's so silly," said Simone complacently, her mouth full of cake. "I do not like to make that kind of scene unless I am as alone as I can be. I would feel too public about a private scene. I could not do it well, that is all."

I said, "There was the occasion of an executive of your studio sending one of your pictures to you to be autographed for his personal use. You refused to autograph it. Isn't that biting the hand that feeds you?"

Simone giggled. She pulled the blue ribbon off her hair and shook out the bright mass in the sunshine. She said, "It would have been biting his hand if I had autographed that picture. I have told them I did not like that picture, that the lighting was wrong and ver' ugly. I have told them to destroy all the copies of that picture. They bring me down another and I sign it very nicely and with affection. That is reasonable."

"There was a black cat in 'Seventh Heaven.' Someone tells me that you refused to allow the poor little thing to cross the plank from one attic window to another during that particular scene. Isn't it being a little *too* particular to fuss about a cat?"

I AM as superstitious as 'ell," laughed Simone. "There were seven alley cats in 'Seventh Heaven,' cats of all sizes and colors. I say that I will not have a black cat cross my path. That is too bad luck. Like I always step on a comb, when I drop one, and make a wish. A broken mirror would break my nerves, ummmm, like this!"

There is one thing sure—and that is that there is no false pride in the bewildering composite which is Simone. A member of the Press was interviewing her one day. Her mother's portrait was on a table in the living-room. And the gentleman said, half in fun, wholly, perhaps, in earnest, "You don't interest me particularly, Simone, but your mother—ah, there is a woman of charm and beauty." Simone embraced him, her eyes starred with grateful tears. For she adores her mother.

There was the occasion when she was seen entering the theatre where "Boy Meets Girl" was playing. It was a first night. She was with Jimmy Stewart. And Jimmy was heavily, unhandsomely bearded. There are girls who would have feared that people might not understand and that Jimmy had to be bearded for a sequence in "Seventh Heaven". Simone didn't care. *She* understood.

"I am temperamental, but certainly," declared Simone, stretching herself lengthwise along the sunny wall, "if what you mean by temperament is that I act how I feel at the moment. How else should I act? I can only act like me, not like Garbo, nor Mrs. Simpson, nor Mrs. Roosevelt, or others. I am me. I have to act like me.

"I do not understand those people who copy-cat others. I think they are just like children playing their 'Follow the Leader.' Why do they want me to be like every other one? I think that Garbo and Dietrich do very well and they are not like any other ones. Marlene gave me good advice when I first came here, and it was, a great deal to stay myself. I have tried to follow it.

"When people are dull, routine people, no one thinks they are intriguing. Non. Then say, 'Ahh, what a bore!' So why do they raise their eyebrows, shrug their shoulders and sigh like at a funeral, saying, 'That Simone Simon, she is so different!'?

"I act the way I feel the moment I feel it. That is the explanation of me. If I am hungry for my dinner at ten in the morning, I have my dinner then. If I am hungry for my breakfast at ten-thirty of the night, I eat my breakfast then. When I am sleepy, I sleep. I cannot be wide awake and gay when I am sleepy, can I?

"I do not go about slapping the faces of people unless they slap mine first, if not with their hands, then with their minds or their eyes, which can be so much worse.

"If I am not happy, I do not act it. I can act ways I do not feel when I am working, though it is then very *hard* work for me. But when I am not working, I am not an actress. I am me. Happiness is a real thing. You cannot fake it or it is not gold.

"But when I am happy, I shout, I sing, I say so. Like when they told me I was to play in 'Seventh Heaven'—and with Jimmy Stewart—I was excitingly happy. I knew it was what you call over here 'the chance of a lifetime.' So was Jimmy happy. Every day I sent for bottles of pop and cakes for him, for me and for all of us. I had visitors on the set whenever they came, except for that one scene. I was very good, they tell me, as if they were surprised. But it is easy, it is natural for one to be good when one is so happy.

"I have gone out with Jimmy and I have met his friends, John Swope and others. I have gone out with John a lot of some times. I am having a great lot of fun here in Hollywood and so I am crazee about this place. I like to have fun. The more serious things about love," said Simone, with sudden seriousness darkening her eyes, "are not quite yet or now. I do not talk about them.

THERE is most of the hurt of life from not understanding, isn't that so? It was harder for me at first, but it comes easier now. I did not understand what people would mean, they would talk so fast and so loud! I did not understand the way people make their jokes over here. At home, when we make a joke, it is about some very funny thing and we laugh all the time we are making it. But here they say something seriously and it turns out to be a joke all the time. Like last Christmas, Mr. Westmore said, veree sadly, that he had got a lot of Christmas presents but the one thing he wanted the most he did not get—an electric train. I thought it was very funny for a grown-up man to want a toy train. But I thought it was also too bad he did not get what he most wanted. And men are like little boys, I always know. So I went downtown, shop around and buy him a train. And then everyone laughed very hard and said he was 'kneeding,' that he didn't really want

one at all.

"I didn't understand how those people I didn't know could call me so many 'sweethearts' and 'darlings.' I could not call a person 'sweetheart' unless my lips were making an echo of my heart. It sounded to me like taking holy things in vain. Now I understand; I do not mind anymore but I still cannot say them myself.

"They tell stories with sharp fangs, stories about people they really like. They do not mean them. But if I say sharp-toothed things I do mean them. I am in a rage. I want to hurt or I do not say them.

"I am trying all the time to make my English and my understanding better. I have radios everywhere. In my bedroom, in my living-room, in my dining-room and studio dressing-room and in my car. I can listen all the time so that I can understand better the American idiom. I can learn to laugh at things the Americans laugh at.

"I have made many friends. I like to give little dinner parties at my house. But I just have to be like one and not like any other, that is all," sighed Simone.

Long Distance Marriage

(*Continued from page 31*)

Ann conceded. "Still, a band is a band, and it's there in welcome. It's the spirit of the thing that counts, don't you think?"

So it's as simple as all that, this being happy though separated? Just marry a bandleader who likes to pay bills, doesn't like to write letters and lives in Chicago.

Well, not quite, Ann admitted. There are a few little problems to iron out, a few little annoyances to put up with, if you want to make a howling success of it. Things like the radio and telephone bills and crank letters of advice and dirty cracks by columnists.

TAKE her radio problem. Roger is on a coast to coast hook-up twice a week and broadcasts from Chicago every night, but for the life of her, Ann can't tune him in on her radio in her Beverly Hills home. That's not an open invitation for radio salesmen to come calling; Ann has a very fine instrument. She's just hexed.

"Everybody in Hollywood can get him but me," she wailed. "And I'm the only one who really cares. It sounded so fishy to Roger the first time I admitted it, I've had to resort to being a radio boarder."

In other words, twice a week she whizzes over to Joan Bennett's house when Roger's program is due. Joan has exactly the same model radio as Ann, except for one thing. It will bring in Chicago and Roger. So willy-nilly, Joan has to listen to Roger to keep peace in the Pryor household.

"Even when he comes in over a San Diego station, I can't get him," Ann elaborated. "I have to get in my car and drive to Long Beach to pick him up."

Telephone bills of an average of $89 a month (that's only for her calls to him; heaven knows what Roger's are, since he calls three times to her one) are another little matter not easy to laugh off. Particularly when you have a hard-hearted business manager, as Ann and Roger have, who has the quaint idea that budgets should be budgets, not just a pretty row of figures under the heading, Out-Go.

It's a good thing that she and Roger have a sense of humor as well as common



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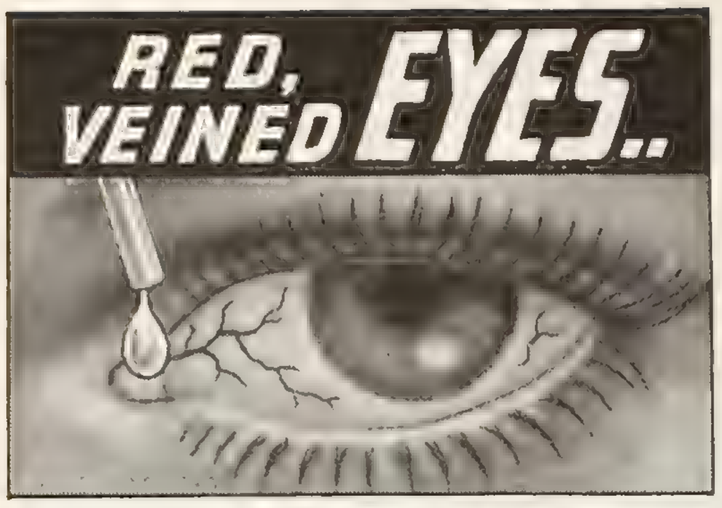
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Smile on, Monsieur Gravet! Messieurs, the critics, find your first picture well titled. After "The King and the Chorus Girl," they're all hailing you as king among movie actors.

horse-sense about another little matter—her going out with men in Hollywood and he with girls in Chicago—or the columnists of the nation would have had them in the divorce courts long before now.

They made a pact, when time for the first separation came, that neither should curtail their social life or contacts just because a minister had made them one and their respective jobs of necessity made them two again. That's why Ann is seen dancing now and then with a tall, dark, and handsome, and Roger with a cute, cuddly and blonde. It's all perfectly proper and approved by all concerned. And it doesn't mean that there's a rift in the Sothern-Pryor menage. Just modern marriage.

SPEAKING of warnings! What her fans haven't predicted for Ann! She was ruining her marriage. She was wrecking her career. She should stop this nonsense, settle down and have babies. She should let nothing stand in the way of success. She was the courageous leader of a new crusade. She was violating the basic principles of wedlock. She should be more strict with Roger. Roger should be more strict with her. So on and so on, far into the night. One went so far as to suggest since Ann wasn't using her wedding ring in the orthodox manner, she send it to the writer as a souvenir, and another sent helpful hints about keeping her wedding veil in camphor balls.

"I finally figured out what to do with all the suggestions," Ann said. "I take the day's letters, curl up in front of the fire, and make a tit-tat-toe pattern on a piece of paper. I play the Pro idea against the Antis. When I get three in a row in the tit-tat-toe, I decide it's time to put out the cat, wind the clock and dash into bed.

Seriously, though, Ann said she had discovered the essential requisites for keeping happy when circumstances force one to be separated from the person to whom he or she is married.

"First, you must have complete confidence in the integrity and honesty of the other person, so that idle gossip, of which there is bound to be plenty, cannot touch you," she said. "To me, that is just part of love. But if necessary, discipline yourself to this attitude.

NEXT, keep busy. Develop your small talents. Cultivate a sincere interest in hobbies. For instance, I have been studying the operas and taking harmony lessons. Keep physically fit by whatever sports appeal to you. Go out to parties, even if you're the 'fifth wheel,' and go with the idea firmly in your mind that you're going to have a good time, not an oh-well-I-might as-well-go complex.

"And whatever you do, avoid as the plague any self-sympathy of 'poor little me' ideas. If you start feeling sorry for yourself, you're sunk!"

For all her brave front, and sensible attitude, Ann isn't any happier in her strange situation than you would be. She's just marking time and making the best of things. It's obvious from the way she rattles around in her charming English house that it's much too big for one slender girl. It shows in her lovely eyes when she speaks of Roger and the "someday" (maybe next summer) they'll be together "for keeps," not just hectic weeks sandwiched in between more hectic work. It echoes hollowly behind her gay words and bantering sure-I'm-happy manner.

In fact, just to watch her excitement when the baggageman came for her three trunks the night before she left for her last visit with Roger (she was like a ten-year-old going to a Fourth of July picnic) was the dead give-away.

This how to be happy though separated was a swell story—and she was stuck with it!

What I'll Tell My Son

(*Continued from page 43*)

forth that you didn't suppose she would have. Oh, you'll believe you can't wait, my son. I've felt that impulsiveness. You'll think you must seize love when it's all wonderful ecstasy, that if you hesitate you'll lose that marvelous mutual glow. Well, you won't. For real love doesn't fade in a year; if the passion you feel will cool so speedily, then you're well out of the whole affair.

"I don't," vowed Joan, "intend to expect too much of my son. I shall do what I can to steer him to the right kind of girl. But I consider it wrong of parents to interfere with a boy in love. I'll never threaten to cut off his allowance, or yank him away. Subtly I'd try to make him realize himself, by comparison, that he had chosen the wrong girl—if he did. But I wouldn't be cruel. Because I can recall what it means, that first love.

"It brings a joy that one never experiences again. There's nothing grander! And if you've guessed incorrectly you emerge less selfish, more understanding, more prepared—in fact—for life as it is. You are grateful for a little gayety in your heart; you say to yourself, 'This is a happy hour and I must appreciate it!' You enter marriage, then, with eyes open to what you must do to preserve a perfect companionship.

"Supposing my son is hurt when he learns she isn't quite the ideal creature he anticipated. He'll survive. And he won't have that resentment, that sense of having lost something, that he'd always have in the back of his mind if I opposed him.

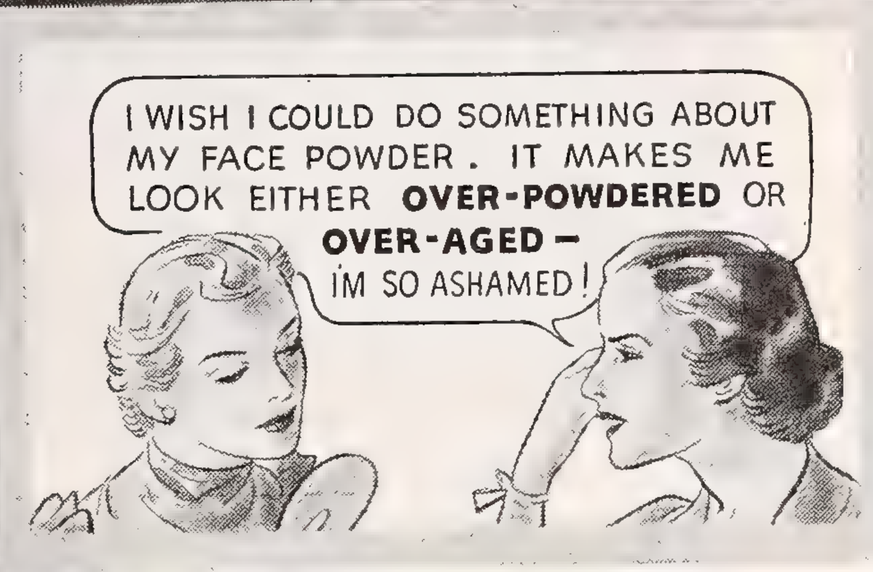
"I hope he'll be so well-balanced that he won't fly off on any such tangents. But when you are naturally emotional you often can't help reacting strongly. It's awfully hard to be discerning when you are very young. Norman may—I hope not, but he still may—just see that she's a sweet young thing. He may not see that she hasn't a brain cell working. That she doesn't know how to cook, that she'll never fit in with his friends, his ambitions. He may be so desperately smitten that he won't wonder what they'll talk about after they're tired of kissing, and how he'll support her if he loses his job.

NEVERTHELESS, I shan't lift a finger to stop him once he's determined he can't live without her. I won't be heart-broken, because it won't be my privilege. He has his own life to lead and I'm not under the delusion that I can share it with him; I'll be grateful for whatever time he has to spend on me. If she isn't the great love of his life, she'll have taught him to be more discriminating, to be a better husband for the woman he eventually senses is right for him. He'll have to realize, sometime, not to expect the impossible. A good philosophy comes only through experience. If he falls for a girl who, in the eyes of the world, has made mistakes, then it's entirely up to him to decide whether she's worth his devotion.

"I'll tell him that quiet girls given to drooping their eyes aren't always trustworthy, that a laugh indicates far more character than a titter. I'll praise girls who radiate health, who are refined, who walk erectly. If she shakes hands as though she meant it, she's more likely to be a square-shooter. I'll suggest that he note whether the whites of her eyes are clear, if her hair has a soft texture, and if the inside of her pocketbook is always



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That glass went down easy, Deanna, but wait till you see what it does to you. Oh—oh, we knew it—there

orderly. That may save him from a sloppy wife.

"If she cries, 'Oh, I think babies are *too* sweet!' she may be ga-ga. If she is going to be a real mother, she'll betray the fact by understanding children. If she should be near an accident and he senses that she is saying a little prayer, instead of merely being curious, he'll know she's got a spiritual quality. And he ought to look for this quality, as well as for sincere compassion and capableness —later on they count so much.

"To test a girl, entertain her inexpensively. Give her an opportunity to nag, and to be jealous. Oh, you want her to be flatteringly jealous. But not unreasonably so! Maneuver her into the situations she'll have to meet as a wife.

"Don't propose until you have a steady salary and good prospects for the future. It isn't fair to the girl.

"A woman with a career, or a major hobby of some sort, will make a better wife than one who has nothing to do in her spare time but go to bridge parties. If she's at all clever she'll arrange her work so that it'll be through by dinner, and it'll save her from becoming a bore.

"When you've quarreled, be regular about making up. Don't hang onto grudges. Women don't want to be made miserable, any more than men do.

"I won't be a 'dear mama.' It isn't such an extraordinary event to be a mother. I'll tell him that in-laws shouldn't be allowed in a home except by specific invitation. They ought to have intuition enough to stay away until their company is requested. I'll be a guest, and not a fixture, in my son's home, and I'll advise him to speak frankly about his wife's in-laws before marrying, if they promise to be pests.

"If he ever wants suggestions from me, I'll tell him to come to me privately. It would be so bad to drag me into an argument between himself and his wife. It would be a sign he didn't understand women.

WHAT I haven't told you yet is that I never shall sit my son down and lecture him like this! I trust I'll never deliver that stock line, 'Son, Mother knows best!' All these admonitions are to be inserted, casually, into everyday conversation. Never talk to a man obviously to improve him. Men hate to feel bossed.

"Every day I make a point of recognizing that this is my time with Norman. Now he's my playmate, my doll. I expect to have him for my own until he's









you go skipping that rope to a frazzle. Now, howz about high C for Ma Durbin? Two to one you miss it!

twelve; that's the deadline I've set. Then I'll have to step gracefully aside; it'll be a tremendous effort, but when a boy gets into his 'teens he no longer wants to be tied to apron strings. I want to stay young as long as possible, but I shan't be so kittenish that Norman will be burdened with the task of sustaining poor mama's spirits. I shan't try to be as gay as his girl friends. Youth's place is with youth; I'll have my own life to lead.

"I'm anxious to make life happy, not easy, for him. So I shan't hover over him, attempt to hide the realities. Neither a mother nor money can protect anyone from the slaps Fate gives us all. I'll tell him to be grateful and considerate, never to take anything for granted. I shall not count on him being any nobler than I am able to be myself. Why should I? I'll say, 'Don't be obsessed by material ambitions. Be sentimental, too; be colorful in your appearance and speech."

But Mrs. Dick Powell was skipping something.

"Your tips on how your son will be attractive plus," I said. "What'll they be?"

"Ho!" she exclaimed. "Now that's a giant offhand order. Still, I'm already sure of a few tips. When a girl is lighting a cigarette, Son, take the match from her hand and do the lighting. That never fails to thrill. When you're introducing her make it an honor to be able to show her off, and to top it off as an event, you can go so far as to add a dash of a bow. Discover her little mannerisms and label them cute. Pay her unanticipated compliments. And when you're dancing, hold her so her dress is just right and doesn't hike up in the back. Be on time for your dates; she'll detest waiting when she's all dressed up and her nose is well powdered. However, you'd better horrify her by being an hour late once in a dog's age. It'll provoke her imagination. Suspense, in small doses, is an antidote for stuffiness.

"Girls are fussy. They like a man to have clean fingernails and a well-scrubbed look.

"I'll emphasize this to him: Charm in a man means poise, seasoned with politeness. So I'll tell him that when he takes her dining and doesn't like the steak, he shouldn't complain and scream at the waiter. When he's driving and someone cuts in on him, he shouldn't holler at the other fellow. Women admire men who are above petty rudeness."

Dick Powell strolled into the room then. "I threw my first beau over because—" Joan stopped short and winked at me. "But that," she murmured demurely, "is a tale reserved for my husband!"

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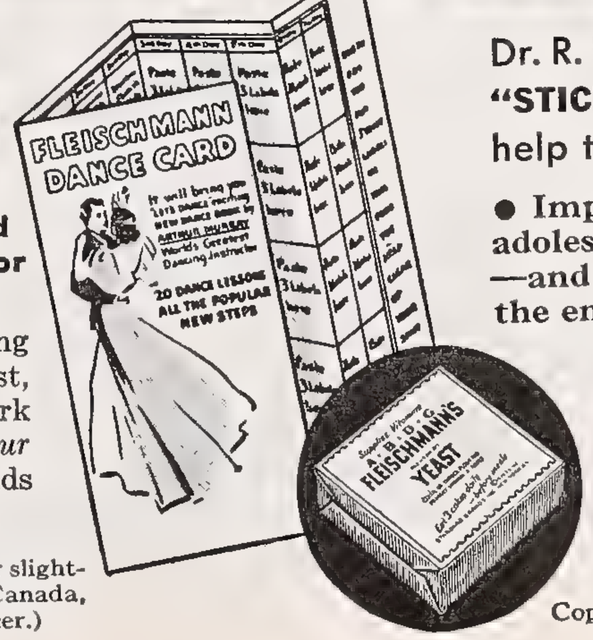
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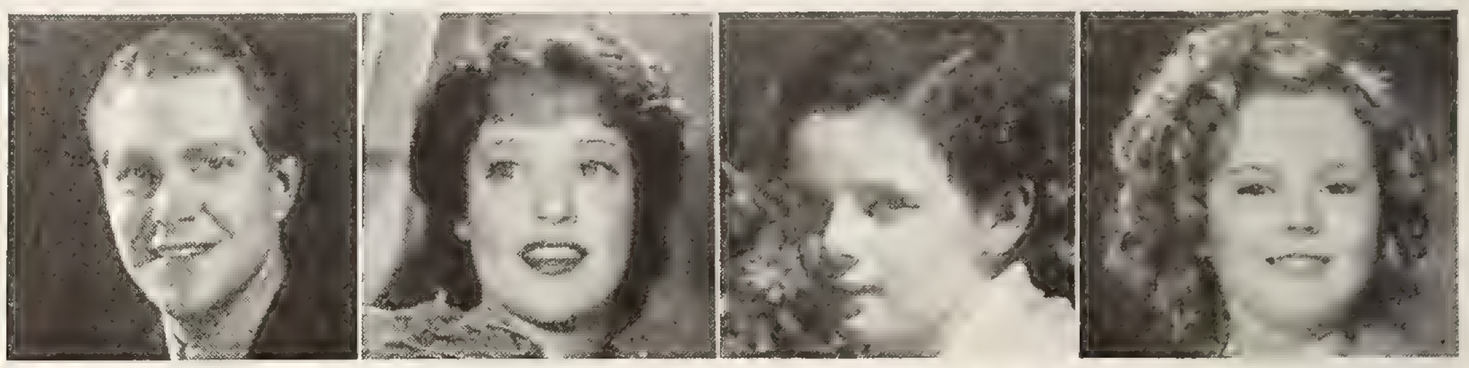


Best actor: Fredric March

Best actress: Norma Shearer

Most handsome: Robert Taylor

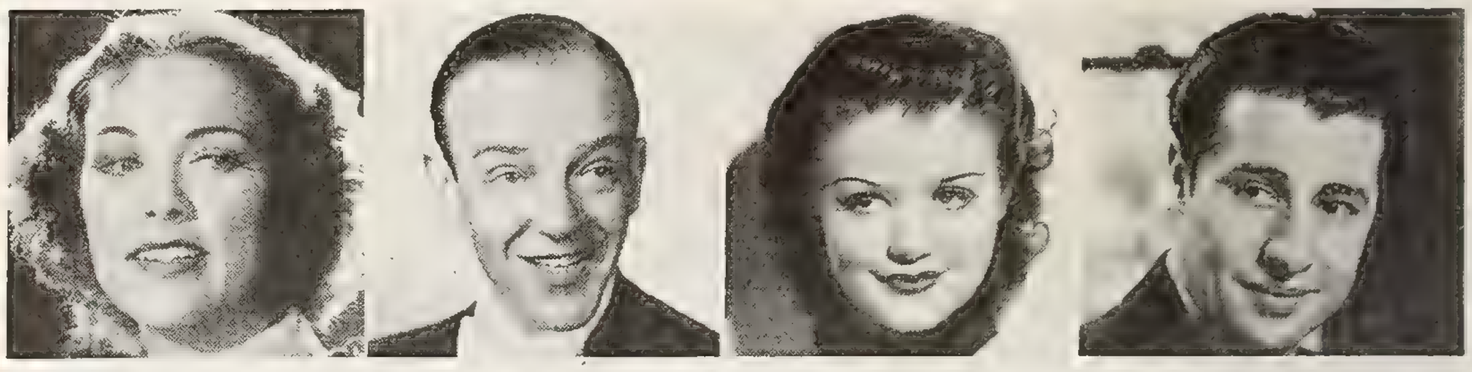
Most beautiful: Loretta Young



Best male singer: Nelson Eddy

Best female singer: Jeanette MacDonald

Best child actor and actress: F. Bartholomew, Shirley Temple



Best female dancer: Eleanor Powell

Best male dancer: Fred Astaire

Most promising newcomers: Simone Simon, Don Ameche

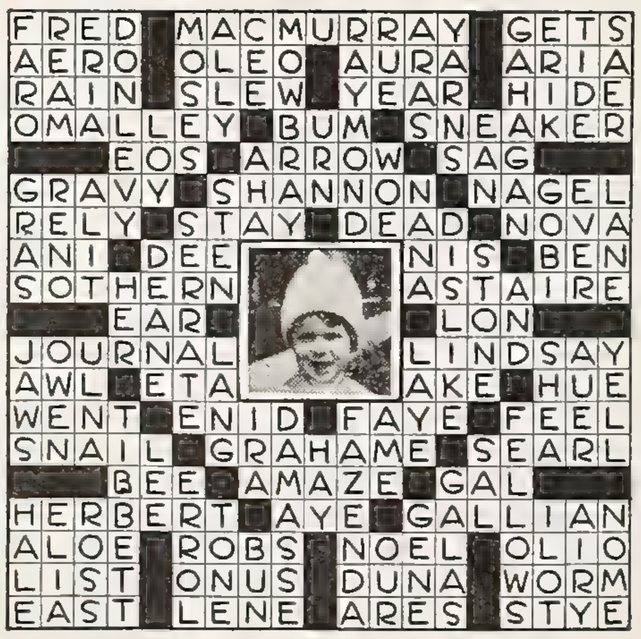


Best musical 1936: "Great Ziegfeld"

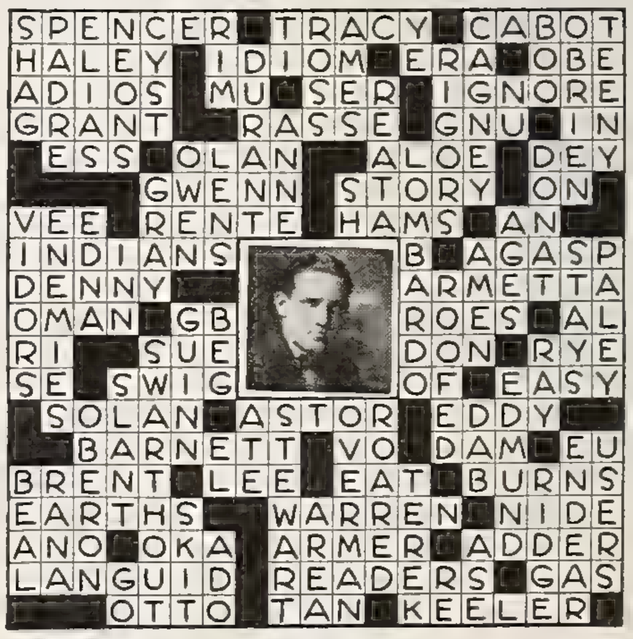
Life story choice: Simone Simon

Academy Award Choice: "San Francisco"

SOLUTIONS TO THIS MONTH'S AND LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES



Well, Here Are the Answers. How Did Ya Do?



Information Desk

(*Continued from page 8*)

curious to know how the requests are distributed among the next ten stars, just send in your name and address, and I'll keep you informed for the next six months, at no cost to yourself.

SONJA HENIE (First printing; total number of requests 259.) How completely the movie public has taken to Norway's charming little ballerina of the ice is evidenced by the large group of anticipatory fans that she gathered unto herself well in advance of the release date of her first picture. And believe you me, this being a movie star before you've appeared in a single picture is quite a stunt—though, in Sonja Henie's life story, merely one among other miracles. Miracle, by the way, is just the word you need to describe Sonja's achievements. Achievements such as qualifying for her first Olympics at the age of eleven, placing second in the world's championship matches at thirteen, and winning the Olympic gold medal two years later. Of course, Sonja is quick to tell you that there was absolutely nothing miraculous about any of this. Just plain hard work. That's *her* story.



At three, when most little shavers are still a trifle too top-heavy to be graceful, Sonja was giving Pavlowa heavy competition right in her own nursery. At four, Mama Selma Nilsen Henie (sound Norwegian enough?) enrolled her gifted daughter in a ballet school. Sonja plugged at ballet four years before ever strapping on a pair of skates. After she had pirouetted to her first Olympic laurels in 1928, Sonja became Norwegian ambassador without portfolio, her credentials being her skill and her smile. She appeared at command performances before most of the crowned and "uncrowned" heads of Europe. She still cherishes a diamond stick-pin presented her by the ex-crown prince of the German Empire. There came a time, however, when Sonja tired of her knock-about career of winning medals and decided she wanted something more substantial. That's when Darryl Zanuck signed her. No little miracle itself! Sonja had already been turned down by two other film companies.

And now, to forget for a moment the girl's achievements, let me tell you a wee bit about the girl herself. True to type, she has deep blue eyes and sunny blonde hair. Her favorite color is white (probably because it's so gay), and she likes everything about her to be white—except her very dark-haired, dark-eyed boy friend, Tyrone Power. She's temperamental, but no more than she should be, and is always ready to listen to reason. Her next picture is "Thin Ice."

GRACE PETERKIN, Boston, Mass.: Sorry, Grace! I'd like to tell you that the twenty-eight postcard requests you and your girl friends sent in for Bob Taylor break an all-time record. Unfortunately, a staunch circle of Lew Ayres' well-wishers still holds the honors. They mobbed up on your poor Information Desk Man with thirty-six postcards. I'm sure of that figure, too—counted 'em twice. But, record or no record, you can be certain every last one of your requests will count and help Bob to catch up with that fast-riding Autry gent in our Barometer rating.

JANET GAYNOR (Last printed June 1936. Total number of requests since then 268.) Fate has danced a mad Apache dance with Janet Gaynor. Born Laura Gainer, in 1906, the daughter of a simple house painter, by 1926 the swirl of events had tossed her on top of the cinematic heap as Janet Gaynor, the idol of millions. In the twenty years that intervened between house paint and grease paint, Fate's cruelties were preparing





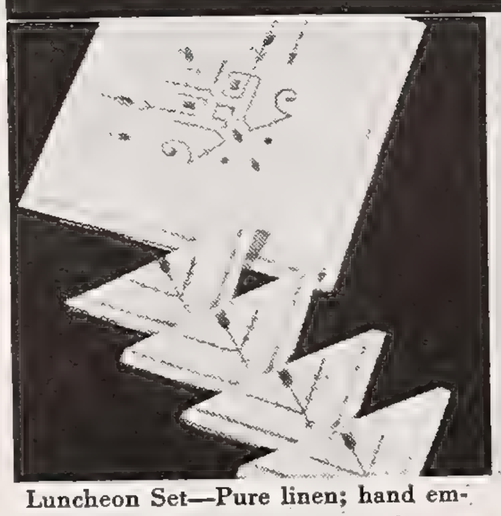
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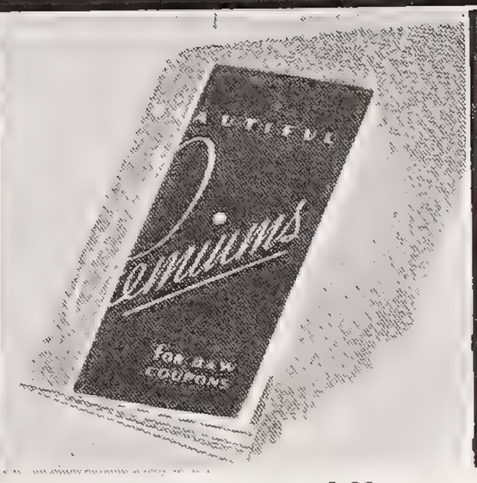
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her for the bounty that Fate had in store for her. Hardships moulded the soft, ultra-feminine Laura Gainer into that fascinating combination of girl and woman which is the secret of her appeal. Poverty; wrangling parents, who finally divorced each other; a second father; a gypsy life from town to town in search of a livelihood; all those wrenching uprootings, from which the adolescent child should be shielded, were the lot of Laura Gainer. And that is the reason that she is today a great actress, whose emotional depth and richness keep her eternally young and wistful.

The story of how she became an actress is the sort of tale that makes you believe that we mortals have no control over our own destinies, that success is purely a matter of good or bad fortune. Janet Gaynor never dreamed of becoming an actress. "Jonesy," her doting foster-father had seen his girl do little impersonations, and had sensed rather than understood her greatness. It was the serene faith of this good man that gave Janet the strength to carry on during two hopeless years as an extra. Then, in a day, without warning, success came. Through her friend, Marian Nixon, she was assigned a part in the Fox epic, "The Johnstown Flood." It was then that Fox saw in her what "Jonesy" had sensed. She was cast in "Seventh Heaven," opposite Charlie Farrell, and the nation saw what Fox had seen. Success did not offer a solution to Janet's life problems. The very emotional fire that was the basis of her screen appeal was the evil genius of her private life, and later involved her in serious difficulties with her studio. When she married Lydell Peck, she wounded deeply the thousands of her followers who had so fondly expected her to wed Charlie Farrell. Somehow, the disappointment of the fans threw a pall over her marriage. It ended in divorce. When Fox reorganized, and her friend, Winfield Sheehan, was dropped from the staff, she suddenly resigned from the cast of "Way Down East." Her decision cost Fox a quarter of a million dollars. She retired for a short time to Honolulu, until called back by M-G-M to do "Small Town Girl," with Bob Taylor. Since then she has made several pictures. She is appearing currently in "A Star is Born," with Fredric March.

MILLIE PARETO, Atlanta, Georgia: Your information is absolutely correct. In his next picture Gene Autry will sing a song composed by a lifer in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. You'll never know the composer's name, though. He'll be identified solely by his penal number. It seems there's an Oklahoma law prohibiting the exploitation of any state prisoner's name.

NINO MARTINI (First printing; total number of requests 378.) Nino Martini was born in Verona. He's the second Verona home town boy to make good. The first



was Romeo. Nino should know more about love than Clark Gable and Casanova put together—and no doubt does. His father was caretaker of the very tomb in which Romeo and Juliet have lain these many centuries. Nino might have been a caretaker himself, reminiscing to tourists on the glory that was Verona, puffing abstractedly on his pipe. The trouble was that his voice was so beautiful, and none of the good people of Verona would let him smoke a pipe. That's what decided him against the caretaking business. When Nino's father died, the boy was adopted by a Signor and Signora Zenatello, both of them singing teachers. That started him off on the right track. Up every morning at six, plenty of scales, arpeggios, and spaghetti, and no red wine. By the time Nino was twenty, he was Italy's operatic white hope. He had already sung the role of the Duke in "Rigoletto," and was engaged to do the lead in "I Puritani." The funny thing about this role was that, prior to Nino's performance, the opera had been shelved for some seventy years, the reason being that no tenor had been found in all that time who could reach all the high notes in one of the arias. You can imagine the skeptical sort of audience Nino faced on the opening night. Especially the critics, who were just a bit peeved at the young man's sudden prominence. But Nino disappointed the critics, satisfied the male audience, and simply panicked all the ladies.

Before long, people were drinking champagne toasts to Nino in every European language, not to mention the dialects. It was in Paris that Jesse Lasky heard him and signed him to work for Paramount. Nino came to America, but couldn't "spika so good de Inglish;" so, after appearing in a few inconspicuous shorts, he sailed back to learn more about our language. America decided then and there that Nino could learn all the English he might need right here. Back he came, sang with the Philadelphia Opera, then over the Columbia network, then with the Metropolitan Opera. And now RKO-Radio has a lien on the young man of Verona, and will hold on to him, if they know what's good. He's to do "Born to Sing."

SHARON MULDOON, Hopkinsville, Kentucky: Though Jean Harlow has a very musical speaking voice, she doesn't sing. However, you weren't seeing pink elephants when you thought you heard her sing in "Reckless." She was going through all the motions, while Virginia Verrill, of radio fame, did the actual vocalizing.

GINGER ROGERS (Last printed November 1936. Total number of requests since then 289.) It was a strange game that Ginger Rogers' father and mother played with their baby daughter. Something like football. Ginger was the ball. The idea was to gain possession of the baby and then run. Gains were measured in miles, and time was kept in months. The game started shortly before Ginger was born, July 16, 1911, when Lela McMath ran away from her husband, Eddins, so that she might give birth to her child alone. After the birth, she rejoined Eddins to let Ginger have the benefit of a father. But the old friction persisted, and one fine morning Lela marched out of Eddins' life for good, taking Ginger with her. Working in a hotel as a public stenographer, she kept Ginger alongside her desk in a clothes basket. From this basket the child was stolen. Whereupon Lela stole her right back, later scoring heavily at the divorce proceedings, when she was granted custody of Ginger for every day of the week except Sunday. The rules of this Eddins vs. Lela game were lax, and on a certain Sunday, McMath failed to return Ginger to her mother. This time McMath was tackled not far from the goal line. He was on the point of entering Ginger in a convent, when Lela's detectives caught up with him. Then, ever so suddenly, the game ended. McMath died. Meanwhile, Lela had married John Rogers, Fort Worth newspaper man. She herself entered the field of journalism, becoming dramatic editor of the Fort Worth paper.



Ginger used to tail her mother on her various assignments, thus laying the foundation for her later association with the stage. At fourteen, a Charleston contest which Ginger won made the association permanent. She was awarded a four weeks' tour as part of her prize. Sacrificing her own work, Mrs. Rogers traveled with her daughter as combination manager, chaperone, and spiritual adviser. She stayed on in this triple capacity, guiding Ginger's dancing steps unerringly to Hollywood. On her way up the ladder, Ginger married, a hasty affair, just as hastily dissolved. Her first Hollywood romance was with Director Mervy Le Roy. For two years gossips predicted a wedding, but Fate and Lew Ayres decreed otherwise. Ginger's marriage to Lew was based on a great love, and the fire of that love has left glowing embers. Though the two were poorly suited to each other, their separation has left both of them with regrets. Since leaving Lew, Ginger has tried to forget, by working harder than ever before. Her current picture is, "Shall We Dance?"

MARIAN KRANTZ, Springfield, Ohio: Thanks for your Mickey Mouse request. Mickey has quite a biography, but so far you're the only person that seems to care. You'll be gratified to know that you've got a real sympathizer in Dowager Queen Mary of Great Britain. She's made the request that whenever she attends the cinema, the program be extended to include one of Mickey's films.

CONNIE BAKER, Davenport, Iowa: Yes, sir, Lew Pollack's and Sidney Mitchell's dedication of their song, "Five Little Peas in a Pod" to the Dionnes has caused quite a delightful flurry among the chubby little tots. And leave it to those wide-awake quints to do the ladylike thing in return. To the nice messieurs, each of Mamma Dionne's five movie queens has presented an elegant, autographed picture of herself.

Man-About-Town

(*Continued from page 33*)

in his dressing-room on the set of "Toast of New York," which stars Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer.

One has the conviction when talking with Cary Grant that his habitual attitude of extreme nonchalance conceals a steel-like strength, potentially tigerish; that his casualness conceals a stern, satiric mind. His flippancy, it is easy to believe, is the scar tissue protecting some well-hidden hurt. One feels in him a bitter contempt for all that is phony, shallow and false, and a rich, hot reverence for that which is honest and sound.

He had been, as he said, "around." His paternal grandfather, Percival Leach, later Sir Percival Leach, was a well-known English stage actor. His father was in the clothing business, and felt that his son should carry on in it. But Archie Leach would have none of it.

"They asked me to change my name when I came to Hollywood, even though I had used my own name on the New York stage. I changed it. After all, can you blame them?"

WHEN the young, dark Archie was twelve he invented a new theatrical lighting effect. He took it to the manager of the Princess Theatre in Bristol, England, his birthplace. The management gave him permission to install it. He did. He came into contact with stage people and realized that these were his own people and that he was, at last, at home.

He wanted to go on the stage then and there. His father objected. Young Cary ran away and joined Bob Pender's acrobatic troupe. He did eccentric dancing, clown routines, stilt acts and acrobatics. He liked the show business.

Finally, his father took him home, but when he was fifteen he ran away again to join the same troupe. He was homesick for the people he'd grown fond of. This time his father conceded the battle to heredity. For a year Cary appeared with the "knock-about" comedians, as they were known in England. His career had begun and he knew it. He had ups and downs. He went to America with the Pender troupe and played the Hippodrome in New York for two years. He returned to England and spent two years in stock and developed his voice. He returned to New York to appear in "Golden Dawn." He had the lead in "Wonderful Night" and played opposite Queenie Smith in "Street Singer." In the summer of 1931, he joined the St. Louis Repertoire Company and had the lead in twelve operettas. He returned to Broadway and made "Nikki," with Fay Wray and Kent Douglass, playing the part Richard Barthelmess

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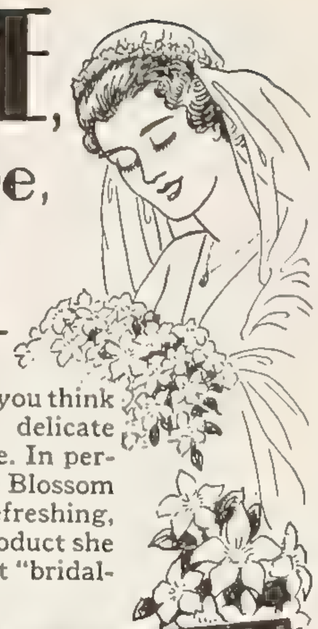
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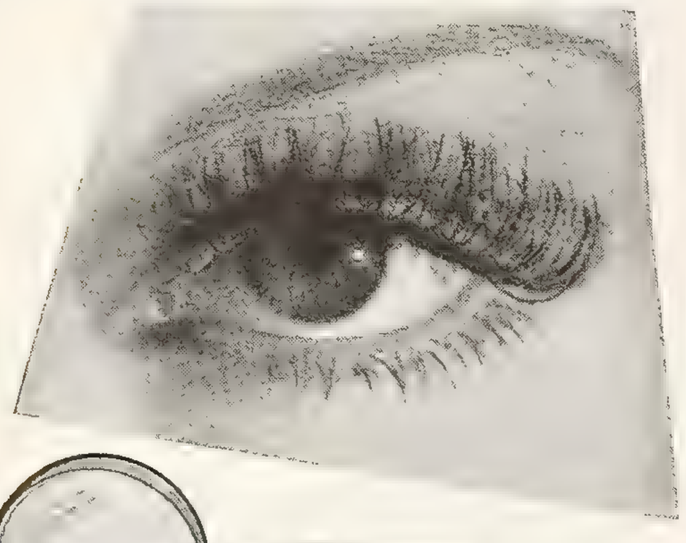
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did on the screen.

Then he took a tramp automobile trip to Hollywood. He was tuning up the motor to drive back when he met an executive from Paramount, took a screen test, and the blood of Sir Percival had come into its own.

There were interims when he waited on table, was broke, went hungry, sold magazine subscriptions. There were times, here in Hollywood, when he felt discouraged and disheartened, ready to chuck it all and go back to New York. He didn't go.

"I'll tell you what I really care about," Cary said, suddenly, sitting fully erect for the first time, eyes coal-black in the lean tan of his face. "I care about my work. I love acting. I'm proud of being an actor. I'm proud when I can say 'we actors.' They're the grandest people in the world. They're colorful. They're loyal. They're exciting.

"We play doctors, priests, explorers, fools, old men, young men. We know the pulse beats of comedy, tragedy, buffoonery. We play down-and-outers, adventurers, scientists, men of all nations, times and tempers.

"Yeah, actors are glamorous and vital and grand. They make mistakes, but they're darn human mistakes. It is the ballooned publicity of Hollywood, however, which makes it appear next-door to criminal.

"I love Hollywood. I know what critics say of us. That we talk too much about ourselves, that we talk about our work to the exclusion of everything else. We have no other interests. No? Well, I don't need any other. If you love what you're doing, you want to talk about it. I am bored stiff if I have to be with people who don't know anything about Hollywood or the movies. I'd even rather play at casting 'Gone With the Wind' for the ninetieth time than not talk pictures at all."

"To what," I said, "do you attribute the fact that you've had such an upgrade in your career in the past couple of years?"

I'M wavering past youth," grinned Cary. "That's the answer. I've passed the juvenile stage. The hardest and most thankless work on stage or screen is that of the juvenile who always 'gets the girl.' When you play a character part, you can sport a scar on your kisser or you can make faces. If you play a definite, though peculiar, character you can make up any kind of a walk, strut, or swagger. But there's nothing the poor paper doll of a juvenile can be but himself. And the most embarrassing role to play is—yourself. You have neither character make-up nor clever lines to help you. All you can hope is that there may be some new intonation to put into the words, 'I love you.' When you play a character you are without consciousness of self, and you get lines to speak. You've got to be able to forget yourself. Juveniles can only pose. Characters can act.

"I got my first break as the slick cockney rogue in 'Sylvia Scarlett.' I'd been pretty low about it all before that.

"Yeah," grinned Cary, while the smoke from his cigarette played shadows on his mobile face, "I'm wavering past youth and glad of it. As I fumbled through that youth, I lived and learned. I'm a lot more tolerant now than I used to be. I used to condemn, get sore, harbor grudges. But no more."

Man-about-town is too frivolous a title for Cary Grant. Tall, dark and handsome —yes; matrimonially unattached—yes; once burned, twice shy—quite likely; rumored to be beauing Ginger Rogers—why not? seen at this party and that—quite likely; debonair, casual, sleek and nonchalant—oh yes; but more than these things he is a man with a passionate purpose, a love for his work and his fellow workers, which is the stuff of which all leaders are made.

Beauty from All Angles

(*Continued from page 45*)

hair and backs, both neglected portions of the beauty anatomy. And there are elbows, too. Just give them a good allowance of cold cream now and then to keep them smooth and white. And rub your arms, clear up to your shoulders, with your hand lotion occasionally, to keep them smooth and white, too.

And—er—oh, yes—remember that other people can see behind your ears, even if you can't. I'm not implying that you forget to wash behind your ears as you did when you were little girls. But I am saying that the skin behind the ears is soft and tender, and often there's quite a bit of oily secretion in that part of the skin, so it wouldn't hurt a particle to do behind the ears with a spot of astringent now and then to ward off the blackhead menace. And (no, I ain't finished yit!) as we gals get older, the skin at the base of the throat is inclined to get red and weather-beaten. Right where that bone is. There isn't much fatty tissue beneath the skin at this point, you see, so we must supply the fat from without, by way of plenty of cold cream. When one gets a facial at the snooty beauty parlors, the beauty operator always cold creams her customer clear down to the chest. 'Twould be a swell idea if you'd give yourself a home facial and be as thorough about it.

Now I'm going to head off on another tack, gals. I want to talk about what we do with our faces and our bodies that makes us more or less beautiful. On pages 44 and 45 there are some pictures of Hollywood ladies. One of them—Madeleine Carroll—is a real beauty. The others are charming, piquant, attractive and you can add half a dozen more desirable adjectives, too, but they don't fall into the authentic beauty class as does Miss Carroll. Never mind; all four serve us with the examples we need.

The example we get from Madeleine is that she does not consider beauty sufficient. How many times have you run up against an exceedingly pretty or even downright beautiful girl who apparently assumed that she needn't bother to be smart or sweet or charming or amusing—that her beauty was enough? The most beautiful girls who ever wandered out Hollywood way have almost without exception become "also-rans," while less strictly beautiful folks like Shearer and Harlow and Loy have taken one part good looks and one part charm and intelligence and fixed up a recipe for success. Madeleine Carroll seems to be an exception to this rule. You've seen informal snapshots of Madeleine, haven't you? And she's always beautifully groomed, isn't she? And usually very conservatively dressed, too, isn't she? That is to say, she sticks to simple lines, good materials, and despises the gadget and the gew-gaw. A good rule for every-

body, but a particularly good rule for pretty girls, and especially pretty, blonde girls, who can so easily look flashy and overdressed.

And then there is Deanna Durbin, who looks really pretty when she sings, and so serves us with another example. I've seen her in a broadcasting studio, where there is no chance to "dub in" the voice separately, so I know what I'm talking about. You may not be able to sing a note, but wait, there are other difficult physical activities which this example will serve to point up, too. How do you look when you talk? How do you look when you eat? And how do you suppose singers learn to sing, in the first place, without making funny faces? They practice in front of a mirror, that's what they do. You practice talking and, yes, even eating in front of a mirror once in a while, even if you do feel sorta silly, and see if you can't correct any unpleasant or un-charming facial mannerisms you may have.

I've picked Sonja Henie and Barbara Stanwyck for examples of body grace. The one a dancer on ice—and superlatively graceful—and the other not a dancer, but remarkable for the way she manages difficult costumes and difficult situations in her pictures. Of course, I want you all to have the best-looking figures you possibly can acquire. But, while you're waiting for diet and exercise to reduce you or build you up, you can, meantime, be learning to handle your body to its best advantage.

HOW'S your posture? Can you walk across the room with a couple of good-sized books on your head and keep the books from falling off? Add that to your exercises; nothing else I know about makes for greater balance and grace in walking. If you're sitting down reading this article, as I presume you are, see if your head is ducked forward in ungainly fashion. And how about the stomach; is it poked out in a lump? Lots of us can hold the middle in well enough when we're standing up, but when we sit down—oof! We forget about it and undo a lot of good work. Sit back so that your rear end touches the back of your chair. Hold your magazine up to you—don't you slump down to meet the magazine. And now get up again for a minute and walk across the room. See if you use all of your foot and the muscles in your legs. Do you put all of your foot down at once? That's wrong. Come down on your heel and then bend onto the ball of your foot. And put your leg muscles into play, too. I can't tell you, on paper, how to do that, but you'll feel it all right yourself and it's easy enough to correct wrong walking habits with a bit of concentration. Point your toes straight ahead, or toe out a little. Swing from your hips, but don't swing your hips themselves. There's a difference, and the latter method ain't refined and ladylike. Pull the tum in as flat as you can, and pull the rear in as tight as you can, as if you were going to be spanked. If you'll keep your chin up and your shoulders back, the bustline will automatically lift itself, and that never hurt anybody's figure.

As I said before, you can't be expected to think about yourself every minute of the time. Nobody, least of all your friend M. M., would wish it. But you can, when you're walking alone or sitting alone give a little attention to good posture habits and after a while they'll become as unconscious as breathing.

And, again, don't assume that if you look okay front view—and usually from the shoulders up—that everything's dandy. A full length mirror is an invaluable aid to good grooming and the difficult beauty angles. You can buy inexpensive long mir-



JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

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Are your eyes as thrilling as you would like them to be? Do they fascinate men and cast a spell of romance? You can make your eyes sparkling and alluring so easily -- so quickly -- with WINX Eye Beautifiers. A few strokes of WINX Mascara, and your lashes become long, dark, curling, silky. Your eyes look large and starry in a lovely **natural** way! Be sure it is WINX Mascara, for WINX is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof -- in solid, creamy, or liquid form.

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WINX Eye Beautifiers

STOP "painting" your white shoes. Clean them white safely with Shu-Milk

SEE PAGE 109

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration



1. Cannot irritate skin. cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

rors which can be attached to the back of a door. You could do some of your exercises in front of it and see how you're progressing. You could turn yourself sidewise and see if that dress, which looks so chic up top, doesn't maybe cling a bit too tightly about the hips or beneath the sitting down place, as dresses are apt to do after a trip to the cleaner. You may or may not know that a good cleaner can stretch a dress enough for practical purposes in the exact spot where you want it stretched. He can also shrink a dress in the same spot. I'm the first one to admit that it takes a little trouble to see to these things, yes, but it is worth it.

Now, children, mama has a small present for you. How'd yuh like to get in on the ground floor on a new face powder—five swell shades to experiment with and no cost? This powder contains a new ingredient which the manufacturers call, with pardonable pride, balmite. It's a soft base which makes the powder go on soft as anything and does away with that powdery look. Paris still screams that faces should have a dull finish—what they call a "masque" finish. This powder achieves it, and the shades really are swell. The powder is uniformly colored, too—no whitish particles mixed in with the rachel, or whatever. I'll send you a sample of each of the five shades if you are interested. And if you *are* interested, everybody, address your request for these powder samples to Beauty Department, Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In fact, there's a coupon below for the purpose. You needn't send a stamp or a return envelope nor any money. Just your request, and please write your name and address plainly on the coupon. Please address all *other* questions and requests to Mary Marshall, Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.—and enclose the usual stamped, addressed envelope.

Beauty Department,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send the *samples* of the powder recommended by Mary Marshall, at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....

Street Address

City..... State.....

Naughty But Nice

(*Continued from page 40*)

producer considered her too sweet.

WHEN testing for the production of the famous Broadway stage play "Children's Hour" began, Bonita was but one among hundreds of children who had been called in to try out for the role. William Wyler, the director, and Mr. Goldwyn, remembering her performance as the younger sister of Eric Linden, in "Ah, Wilderness," thought her much too sweet for such a vengeful role.

Then Lillian Hellman saw Bonita's tryout and hesitated before dismissing her as unsuitable. Lillian Hellman was the authoress of "Children's Hour," retitled "These Three" for the screen, and she had in her mind's eye just the child for that part.

Mr. Goldwyn called Bonita in to her office, interviewed her at length, and still not convinced that she was suitable for the role, asked her, "Do you think you could enact the role of such a mean person?"

Bonita expressed the certainty that she could and then added that she would do her best. She tells the story in her own words, "I might have been passed by if it hadn't been for Miss Hellman. She seemed to think that I could do the part. Mr. Wyler and Mr. Goldwyn both thought I was too sweet. But, finally, Miss Hellman was so convinced that she persuaded Mr. Goldwyn to give me the script to take home and study.

"I read the part that night and knew right then and there that the part of Mary Tilford was one that I wanted very badly. I studied the script hard. I returned several days later and read through the part for Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Wyler.

"Then Mr. Goldwyn said to me, 'Bonita, will you please leave the office? We want to discuss you.'

"Of course, I was very nervous and excited and couldn't stand still until they called me back. Then Mr. Goldwyn asked for me. As I walked into his office he got up from his chair and handed the script back to me. He said, 'Here, Bonita, the part is yours.' That was about the happiest moment of my life."

Receiving honorable mention in the Academy Awards last March for her work in "These Three" was a signal honor for little Bonita.

Bonita herself likes "meanie" roles. She thinks that they furnish a greater acting opportunity than the roles of goody-goodies. But she wants her public to know that she can play nice parts, too.

In her own words she says, "I like meanie roles very much. But I do not want to be typed. I want to do all sorts of roles."

SHE began her screen career because of marked resemblance to Ann Harding. She appeared in "Westward Passage" in 1931 and in "The Life of Vergie Winters," three years later. In both pictures she was Ann Harding's daughter.

In 1932 she had a part in "Silver Dollar," and in the following year played the part of Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook's daughter in "Cavalcade." Then she got a part as Eric Linden's pesky kid sister in "Ah, Wilderness," her biggest role up to that time.

Some time ago when Bonita was lunching in the RKO-Radio Commissary, where many of the stars eat, with her mother and a friend, Katharine Hepburn saw her.

She left her table and walked over to Bonita. She took one long look and then said, "Aren't you the little girl who played in These Three?"

Bonita answered in the affirmative.

Miss Hepburn looked at Bonita for a long time and then uttered in a surprised voice, "I didn't think you were so sweet, Bonita."

The next moment she ran out of the Commissary and left Bonita completely bewildered and dumbstruck.

And so overcome with the child's sweet-

ness, gleaned from a moment's look, was Katharine Hepburn, that she arranged to have Bonita play a part in "Quality Street."

Bonita has found it difficult to convince not only her fans and her friends of her good temperament, but directors and producers as well. The story which she tells about how she had to convince one producer that she could be effectively nasty and ill-mannered in spite of her pleasing off-stage personality, is paralleled with another incident that she tells of how she convinced another one she could play the role of a nice girl, too.

Several months ago, when RKO-Radio started casting for "Make Way for a Lady," the name of Bonita Granville was presented to Producer Zion Myers as a possibility. There was one child role, a younger sister of Anne Shirley.

MR. MYERS, it is reported, gave Bonita a great deal of thought, and then said to the casting director, "She'll never do. Do you mean to tell me that that brat can act the role of a nice child? Why, in 'These Three' she was nothing but meanness. She'll never do."

The studio continued looking about for a child star for the part. Finally Vivian Cosby, a writer-friend of Mrs. Granville, who knew Mr. Myers very well, decided to try her luck at convincing the producer of Bonita's versatility.

The authoress and the little star called on Mr. Myers. Nothing about the part for "Make Way for a Lady" was discussed. Miss Cosby had decided beforehand that Mr. Myers would have to make the decision on the basis of what he saw, when he saw Bonita personally.

The three talked about everything under the sun except the picture scheduled to go into production shortly.

Bonita must have had an idea of how she had impressed Mr. Myers because after cordial greetings had been exchanged, as the writer and her young friend were about to leave, she turned about suddenly and asked, "Now, honestly, Mr. Myers, don't you think I'm a nice girl?"

Mr. Myers was a little nonplussed for a moment, but he did feel that Bonita was very sweet and attractive. So he answered in all honesty, "Yes, Bonita, I think you are a very nice girl."

The next question broke the air like a bombshell.

"Well, then, Mr. Myers, why can't I have the part of Anne Shirley's younger sister, if you really think I'm sweet?"

Mr. Myers was too taken back to do much of anything except laugh. He paused for a moment and then answered, "Well Bonita, maybe you can do the part. It's yours."

Rehearsals had hardly begun before Bonita was called to Paramount, according to the stipulations of a previous contract, to appear in "Maid of Salem." In this picture she enacts the role of a highstrung, neurotic child who always feels that she is bewitched. Bonita almost got a "nice girl" part when "Maid of Salem" called her into the "meanie" class again.

But there was to be a splendid consolation for Bonita at RKO-Radio. She was given a fine role in "Plough and the Stars," starring Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster.

And whereas she throws fits and sees ghosts in "Maid of Salem," Bonita plays the kind of role for which she had been striving so long in "Call It a Day," a light comedy about the life of a small, average family on the first day of Spring. Bonita, as an artistically-inclined youngster, tucks the picture under her arm and steals everything from Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter, and Alice Brady.

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!



LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

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Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

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To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

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These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of *color!*

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Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

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Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

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These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (34) **FREE**

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

To Wear Right Now!

(*Continued from page 49*)

The navy blue wool coat is the short, flared style which is very popular this spring. Almost any pattern for a short swagger could be used to duplicate this, giving the finishing touches of collar and front detail, which makes Madge's so attractive.

Accessories for this ensemble are, of course, navy blue. Madge's hat is navy blue fabric and resembles a gob hat with its shallow crown and turned-back brim. Very gay.

THEN there's a good afternoon dress of printed silk foulard. Instead of navy, the predominating blue of this is on the royal blue cast with the gay, small figures in maroon and white. Although it is a one-piece style, a flare peplum gives it a two-piece effect. The neckline is arranged like a scarf, coming very high and close to the throat. A bright red belt gives the only trimming detail. It's one of those simple dresses that appears rather complicated through the draping and cut of the fabric. Madge told me that this goes into every bag she packs for a weekend trip, because it doesn't show wrinkles and can fill in wherever a sports dress wouldn't be quite right.

Another grand weekender is the apple green woolen jacket dress trimmed with white pique. The short jacket has collar and cuffs of pique and tops a tailored dress which buttons from neck to hemline. The buttons, belt, gloves, shoes and hat are all in white. Without its jacket, the green woolen dress makes a perfect active sports dress, and that is just how Madge uses it when week-ending. It's a great space-saver when you have to plan a few costumes to see you through a long weekend visit. With the jacket, it travels to your destination and brown or navy accessories make it practical en route, using the white after you reach the country.

The fourth selection from the Evans' bountiful closet is a two-piece light-weight woolen suit. Madge wears this almost like a uniform because it's both comfortable and practical for her busy Hollywood life. Beige is the color with the crispest of white pique for trimming. And just so that her favorite blue isn't entirely out of the set-up, it shows up beside the beige stripe in that giddy, white grosgrain lid she's wearing.

As you will notice, in studying these last two costumes, Madge has selected two light shades which can have either navy blue or white accessories. She never lets her color scheme get out of hand, and it is the most practical tip I could give to you who have to budget closely.

THAT good-looking white strap slipper pictured, is a very moderately priced shoe being featured in shops and stores all over the country. I think the cut-out detail is unusually well done. It's the sort of shoe you will find indispensable for summer wear because it will tie up so beautifully with cottons, silks and woolens. This particular shoe is in white buck. If you would like to know the price and where it can be bought, just write in for my June Shopping Bulletin. The coupon is at the end of this article.

Two of the designers at Madge's studio have some interesting fashion theories which are worth passing on to you. Adrian, with whom you are all familiar, believes that white is the most romantic color a woman can wear for evening. He says, "A woman always looks more helpless in white than she does in a color, and it is that helpless air which makes men propose. White is a color that suggests both fragility and desirability."

And I always thought that pink was supposed to be the color that made the gents fall like ten pins. Amplifying on the color theme, Adrian added, "Wine is one of the best shades women can wear and purple is one of the worst, because it is aging. In the summer, there is nothing like a pink linen frock to induce romance."

Dolly Tree, who designs most of Madge's screen wardrobe, believes that the real secret of being well-dressed is a minute attention to detail.

"It is the crisp, white handkerchief in the coat pocket, the spotless blouse, the well-pressed skirt, the well-shined shoes that make the difference between 'getting by' and 'being smart,'" she thinks. "Most of the girls appearing on the screen, are definitely detail-conscious. They have been made that way, not only by seeing themselves on the screen, but also by the attention paid to this point by those employed



Like the breath of warm spring air laden with love

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to do just that thing.

"Through the screen," she continued, "women in audiences all over the country are rapidly coming to realize that the effect of an entire ensemble may be ruined by overlooking one tiny detail. They are recognizing the fact that smartness is just another way of saying 'neatness.'"

HAVE you any idea what care goes into keeping a screen costume looking fresh and new during the taking of a picture? Dolly Tree went on to say that when a costume is not being worn in a scene, it is put away with loving care in the studio wardrobe. For instance, she mentioned a beige woolen suit, banded in sable, which was never hung back in the wardrobe without being given a thorough going over. It was examined for infinitesimal seam rips. The fur was brushed, the garment pressed and great care was taken when it was placed on the hanger to see that the shoulder seams fell exactly where they should.

"If women in everyday life would take such care of their clothes," she remarked, "they would find that garments would keep their freshness and smartness very much longer."

This same beige woolen suit had a matching sable muff which carried a small artificial corsage. And during the day's filming, it would become mussed, so whether the damage was slight or small, the flowers were replaced with an exact duplicate each time the costume was worn. Of course, only the eagle eye of the camera would make such super care necessary, and yet it proves how much thought and interest must go into the upkeep of anything you wear, if you would wish to be as well-groomed as your favorite star.

According to Dolly Tree, neatness is nine-tenths of the effect of a costume worn on the screen. And she can't see any reason why anyone, regardless of what her clothes cost, cannot cultivate the type of neatness which classifies itself as smart. It may take an hour in the morning, or even staying up a little later at night for the business woman, but it is a definite step toward the trim good looks which men admire and for which all of you yearn.

Don't forget that all the information about the white buck shoes is contained in the June Shopping Bulletin, besides other summertime fashion tips that are very useful.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

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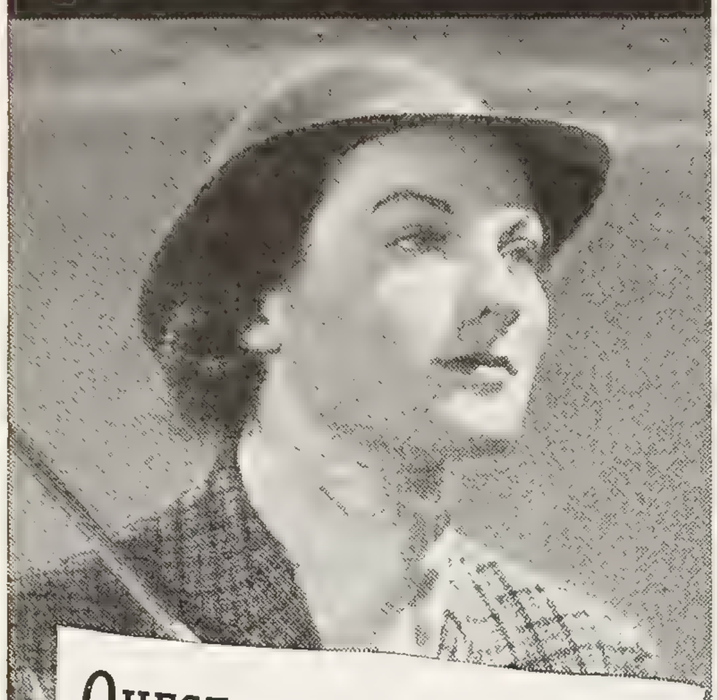
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During hot weather especially, women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the *positive* deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder. See how Quest makes tired, perspiring feet feel fresh and dainty.

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For all-day-long body freshness, use Quest for under arms. Prevents perspiration offense; keeps you dainty always; yet does not clog pores or irritate the skin. And, being unscented, it does not cover up the fragrance of perfume.

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This is the key test for *any* deodorant powder! Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins—assures *complete* personal daintiness. Buy the large can today—only 35c at drug counters everywhere.

Hollywood Snob Story

(*Continued from page 37*)

Year's, you could rent a nice bunk for sixteen dollars a day, and that a room with your own tub and hot and cold water set you back forty dollars every twenty-four hours; that is, if you could get in at all—which most people couldn't.

They say that you can acquire a lovely sun tan at Sun Valley, while skating. But Ralph Bellamy, who owns half interest in the Tennis Club at Palm Springs, points out that you can acquire just as becoming a tan at Palm Springs—and you don't have to skate!

Joan and Franchot Tone added considerable luster to Hollywood and to themselves, a few months ago, by knowing Leopold Stokowski well enough to entertain at a large party for him. What is more, they had a gate-crasher at their shindig who had a bona fide title! Yep! Recently they have been adding more laurels to their wreaths by entertaining members of the Ballet Russe. It's very exciting. You never know, these days, whom Joan and Tone will be knowing next.

But you can be Somebody in Hollywood even if you don't know Somebody outside. And it entitles you to all sorts of special and pleasant privileges. I rode one evening with some visiting friends, in their car, to a preview. Just as the chauffeur was about to make an impressive sweep to the front of the theatre, a cop waved him back. "Just a minute, Buddy!" he admonished. "Gotta let this other car through!" The other car swept through and the cop came back, looking pompous. "That was Ginger Rogers' car," he explained. "You can see how it was!"

Our driver, who was Irish, couldn't see at *all* how it was when he had had the right of way. I think I had better not quote his remarks.

Then there was the actress upon whom I happened to be calling when she instructed her secretary to call a smart dress shop and ask it to keep open for an hour or so after its regular closing so that she might come in and select a few things. The secretary reported that the management regretted that it could not oblige the lady.

Whoooosh! What a storm arose! "They do it for Marion Davies, don't they?" she shrieked. "I hear that they kept open for her on a rush night, too. The biggest beauty shop in town will stay open all day Sunday for Jean Harlow! What are they trying to do, insult me?"

In vain did the secretary attempt to convince her employer that the shop was willing to send truck loads of its stock to her home at her convenience, with a corps of salespeople in charge. In still more vain did she indicate, with what tact she could muster, that the luminaries for whom shops were kept open bought in enormous quantities and that they usually gave presents or tips to any employees who remained overtime to oblige them. But the tantrum continued.

At last the harassed secretary sighed to me, "If they'll keep a shop open for you after hours, it proves that you're important. You could probably rent the City Hall for a party if you had a *name!*"

She looked awfully tired, so I went home and ruminated on the story of Carole Lombard, who called to make reservations on an airplane for herself and some friends. "I trust," Miss Lombard is reported to have remarked, "I trust that you will not make reservations for any outsiders on the same plane."

To which, I am told, the airplane reservation maker retorted, "I don't know what an 'outsider' is, madame. But *I* trust that we shall have some more reservations on the plane or we won't make a dime on the trip."

Of course it is a rule that the moment you become Somebody, you instantly install eighteen telephones in your house. But it is even more of a rule than you must never, never answer the phone yourself. You would lose caste at once. You must be "busy."

A friend of Boris Karloff who "knew him when"—and Boris had about twenty years of "when"—phoned one evening with the idea of doing him a favor. He was told that Mr. Karloff was at dinner and could not be disturbed.

"All right," said the friend, good-humoredly. "Ask him to call me when he is at liberty, please."

Four weeks later the friend encountered Boris. "I left word for you to call," he protested, mildly, "and you didn't."

"I've been *very* busy," said Mr. Karloff.

And that, one supposes, proved something or other.

There is another funny thing. It used to make you seem to be Somebody if you had met Dorothy Parker. But, since Dottie has been living and working in Hollywood, one hears very little of her. When the Earl of Warwick first arrived in our midst there was a great twitter. But after he signed a picture contract, he sort of disappeared. Wonder what would happen if "dear Al" should sign a movie contract.

Off to Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 6*)

course, there are dozens of other things planned, all explained in the elaborate folder—the trip to Universal Studios, where that smash hit musical, "Top of the Town," was made, to see the stars and have lunch, a trip to NBC Studios to meet such radio stars as Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Lum and Abner, Marion Talley.

On the first tour we'll head toward the sea for our party at Leo Carrillo's, passing through Beverly Hills on the way. We've already told you about his exciting fiesta plans in a previous issue—more about that and Dick Arlen's party in the folder.

So send now for your copy of it, and mark on your social calendar a "must" date for a grand trip to Hollywood!

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"Finally I landed in 'Strike Me Pink,' the Broadway musical hit. That was encouraging. Next I lined up another role in 'Growing Pains'." After that he was in an artistic flop. He could secure nothing, so he returned to Hollywood to sing and dance in a show entitled "Take A Chance." Although he scored, he didn't win his movie contract for another year. During that discouraging interval he worked in all the little theatre presentations he could get into. There was no money in them, but maybe rediscovery.

You might suppose a twenty-year-old who was rediscovered, and who'd never paused to be carefree, would begin to frolic when he at last became a featured screen player. But not this Johnny. He concentrated for nine months before he ventured to have a date. In six months they took up his option, so he knew he was past the first hurdle. He waited another three months before he bought his first car. Then he asked Cecilia Parker out.

That initial adventure demanded more. "A fellow can't very well have much of a date until he has a car," he amplifies. He is enjoying parties at homes, the movies, the moonlight, and dancing. On Friday evenings it's college night in the Cocoanut Grove, and Johnny generally is happily present.

His rumored romance with Eleanore Whitney is hardly likely to have a serious denouement. But it isn't a publicity attachment. A number of people thought it was, inasmuch as the two have been teamed three or four times.

"Eleanore and I seem to fight!" Johnny exclaims, in endeavoring to analyze their friendship. The day we had lunch I asked him about her. He lowered his voice to reply. "She was out with Lew Ayres last night." Lew was at the adjoining table. But later, when Johnny was laid low with the flu, Eleanore tiptoed into a publicity woman's office and shyly queried, "Do you think it would be all right if I sent some gags over to Johnny?" The reply being in the affirmative, Eleanore hastened up to a dime store on the Boulevard and collected all the nonsensical games and books in sight. A huge chocolate heart was tucked in with them.

"I keep a diary," Johnny admitted to me. "Two diaries, in fact. In one I just jot down what I've done during the day, whom I've met and what was talked about. In the other I record my very personal reactions. "Oh," he grinned, "what I write in this one's okay. But Mary Carlisle was over to dinner and I happened to mention my diaries. Funny, I haven't heard a word from her since!"

We were interrupted by a note, handed him by a waiter. Johnny chuckled. "See those folks in there?" He pointed to a merry table in the main room. "I suppose we're ritzy, having lunch out here on the veranda." He passed me the piece of paper on which was scribbled "Dear Johnny Lombard—Just because you're going to buy a lot you needn't get so elegant already!"

His brown eyes twinkled. "They call me Johnny Lombard because I tried to kid them. I walked over to where they were working, on Carole Lombard's set. When they wondered why I was there I said on the spur of the moment, 'Oh, Carole and I are old pals!' I've never met her. They were awed for the time being, until they checked up. They told Miss Lombard, who promptly had a photograph of herself delivered to me autographed, 'With kindest wishes to Johnny Lombard'."

He makes no pretense to a flashy, surface sophistication. Altogether, Johnny's just right to have around.



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Reviews

(*Continued from page 19*)

★★★ Waikiki Wedding

Romance against an Hawaiian setting gives Bing Crosby a swell opportunity to practice his pleasant vocalizing and his easy-going comedy. For his new picture, script writers have fashioned a story which contains more bright lines than is customary in the Crosby epics, and the result is a most entertaining farce with music.

As press agent for a pineapple company, Bing finds himself romantically involved with Shirley Ross, a young lady from Iowa who has won a contest entitling her to be known as "The Pineapple Girl." Their romance, of course, offers an excellent excuse for several song numbers, most notable of which is "Blue Hawaii." Other good songs are "In a Little Hula Heaven" and "Sweet Is the Word for You."

In the comedy department, Bob Burns and Martha Raye can almost be described as terrific. Miss Raye, under the influence of a director who must have told her she could be funny without yelling at the top of her lungs, comes through with a grand performance, and sings a catchy comedy number called "Okolehao." Leif Erikson tops the supporting cast with his portrayal of Shirley Ross' indignant fiancé, and there are well-rounded performances by Grady Sutton, George Barbier, Anthony Quinn and Granville Ross. Directed by Frank Tuttle.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Quality Street

If you are in the mood for "Quality Street," you will undoubtedly find it one of the most delightful pictures you have seen in some time. But you will have to be in a frame of mind which will not find its quiet charm too full of dull moments. For Sir James Barrie's play has been brought to the screen without a Hollywood touch.

It is the unenlivened tale of those ladies in the anything but gay 1840's who sat behind their lace curtains and watched what little of the world went by on Quality Street. The only excitement on the street was when a Man came calling on Phoebe Throssel, nee Katharine Hepburn, who lived quietly and hopefully with her elder sister, Fay Bainter, and their faithful cook, Cora Witherspoon. This Man is Franchot Tone, the gallant and dashing Dr. Brown, on whom Katharine has pinned all her girlish hopes. But Dr. Brown takes off to the Napoleonic Wars and leaves Phoebe to become an old maid and a school-marm. She does both so thoroughly that when the doctor comes back after several years he doesn't even recognize his Phoebe. But the old gals had spirit even in those days, and how Phoebe finally wins him to an actual proposal affords many hilarious moments.

Katharine Hepburn has here found a role that is well suited to her talents, but the one who walks away with the picture is Fay Bainter, who gives one of the year's finest performances. Cora Witherspoon, Franchot Tone, Estelle Winwood and Eric Blore also are admirable in their roles. Directed by George Stevens.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ A Family Affair

This is pleasant, heart-warming screen-fare, brightened by a good script and a brace of first-rate performances. In the first place there's Lionel Barrymore, who manages to go through the entire picture without once resorting to his familiar routine of tricks. He portrays a small-town judge and head of a family whose difficulties need a judicial hand to guide them. In a completely un-Barrymore performance, Barrymore steals the show. Almost as effective is Mickey Rooney, the young son of the family. Young Rooney, who is probably the ablest actor in Hollywood's younger set, adds another to his string of stand-out performances.

Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden play the young lovers with a freshness which belies the fact that they've been playing young lovers together for lo, these many seasons. Spring Byington is warmly human as Barrymore's wife, and Julie Haydon is lovely and capable as their elder daughter. Charley Grapewin plays the villain of the piece with his customary finesse, and a little lady named Margaret Marquis, who portrays Mickey Rooney's girl, makes her scenes with her adolescent gentleman friend highly amusing. You can bring the family to "A Family Affair." Directed by George B. Seitz.—*M-G-M.*

★★ When Love Is Young

Hal Mohr, the reformed cameraman, turns his hand to directing and emerges with a pleasant little comedy which contains, to coin a phrase, hardly a dull mo-



Bing Crosby gets tangled in Shirley Ross's net in this "Waikiki Wedding" scene.



Eric Linden prepares to drink Cecilia Parker's coffee through a straw in "A Family Affair" scene.

ment. And if you are an admirer of Virginia Bruce you will be pleased to hear that the young lady exhibits the best performing she's ever done in pictures. Opposite her is Kent Taylor, who is surprisingly effective in the difficult role of a fast-talking Broadway press agent. Plot has to do with a small-town ugly duckling who goes to New York, scores a hit in musical comedy and returns to discover the guy she idolized in high school isn't the guy she thought he was.

Miss Bruce, if you can overlook the fact that she's a bit mature for a high-school girl, is lovely to gaze upon and sings several song numbers with considerable skill. Greta Meyer and Christian Rub furnish plenty of laughs as her parents, and Walter Brennan is excellent as her uncle who accompanies her to New York. Jack Smart handles the role of a Broadway producer effectively, and William Tannen is properly menacing as the high-school hero. The only dull sequence is one of those cellophane and tinsel production numbers which producers seem to feel must be inserted in every picture with music.—*Universal.*

★★ Nancy Steele Is Missing

In "Nancy Steele Is Missing," the producers faced a problem. The main ingredient of the story is a kidnapping, which authorities in the Hays office frown upon. To make things more difficult, it was necessary to show the kidnapper as a sympathetic character. In view of the obstacles, the script writers and the director have managed to concoct an interesting and sometimes exciting mystery melodrama. Victor McLaglen portrays the kidnaper and Walter Connolly, a wealthy munitions maker, the victim. McLaglen steals Connolly's daughter, but not for ransom. His motive, the plot makers explain, is hatred for war, hence his vengeance on Connolly. When he's sent to prison for twenty years, for another offense, he leaves the kidnapped child with a friend. In prison he meets Peter Lorre, a sinister character who learns McLaglen's secret and attempts to obtain ransom money from Connolly by fraud.

"Nancy Steele Is Missing" suffers from a lack of humor. A few light touches would have lifted its sombre mood. Best performance is Peter Lorre's, who makes the role of the soft-spoken killer outstanding. McLaglen and Connolly turn in their usual first-rate performances, and June Lang, as the kidnapped heiress, is showing improvement in her acting. Directed by George Marshall.—*20th Century-Fox.*



Virginia Bruce casts a pert glance at William Tannen. They're co-starred in "When Love Is Young."



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Jimmy Dunn to Sally Eilers, with love, in a scene from "We Have Our Moments."

★Jim Hanvey, Detective

You are probably already familiar with Octavus Roy Cohen's detective, Jim Hanvey. And Guy Kibbee's characterization of the small-town snooper who outwits the big-city sleuths at every turn won't disappoint you. Kibbee does well by the genial old gentleman and if the same could be said about the rest of the cast, this would be a picture which you shouldn't miss. But unfortunately, such is not the case. However, the fact that most of the other characterizations fall short cannot be blamed so much on the players as on the script, which drags sadly in parts, due to too many of those complications to which so many mystery stories are addicted.

Also, the "scintillating" repartee falls pretty flat in many instances, with the exception of the lines delivered by Kibbee and Catharine Doucet, who gives another of those inimitable pictures of fluttery femininity. She is the mother of Lucie Kaye, a very personable young thing who is madly in love with Tom Brown, accused of murder in the case. There are also some stolen emeralds involved. Detective Hanvey, of course, clears everything up in great style and complete nonchalance. Deserving of notice are Edward S. Brophy and Edward Gargan as a couple of thugs and Helen Jerome Eddy, whose sincerity is outstanding in the role of the murdered man's wife. Directed by Phil Rosen.—*Republic.*

★★Her Husband Lies

Gail Patrick is the lovely lady who has to put up with the situation in the title role and Ricardo Cortez is her unfaithful spouse. He divides his devotion between Gail and the gambling tables. And the problem is a real one, for his wife finally decides to leave him to his poker. Of course, Ricardo doesn't like to have his plans upset in this fashion, but he finally decides to give up his racket and settle down to thorough domestication. But it's not so easy, between a ruthless gang at his heels and a kid brother, Tom Brown, who, it suddenly develops, is ruining his life with gambling and wrecking the happiness of his wife, June Martel. So Ricardo tells another story to his wife, joins in a game with the kid brother and some of the pals, and intentionally is caught cheating in order to sicken Tom of the whole business. This results in Ric being wiped completely out of the picture, it being a fast rule, evidently, that crooks shouldn't be crooked.

The story, as you see, will not make

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you sit up and take notice, but the picture is worth while due to the good acting of the majority of the cast, which manages to lend conviction even to the most illogical sequences. Akim Tamiroff is the biggest and best meanie you've seen in some time, while Tom Brown, June Martel and Dorothy Peterson are entirely satisfactory. Directed by Edward Ludwig.—*Paramount.*

★ Midnight Taxi

You'll find this picture better than any tonic, if Spring has left you with the blood pressure at low ebb. It starts out with a hair-raising scene of a diabolical murder and keeps right on in that vein to the final fade-out. The story concerns the doings of those old excitement stirrer-uppers, the G-Men, with Brian Donlevy as the most fearless and foolhardy celluloid one to date.

In order to round up an uncannily clever gang of counterfeiters, Brian takes to driving a cab, and finally gets the low-down on them under this disguise. It sounds simple enough, but you can't appreciate what the stalwart Mr. Donlevy goes through until you see for yourself all those black eyes and bullet holes which adorn his person from the moment his campaign gets underway. Besides Donlevy's, good performances are turned in by Alan Dinehart, as another of those cultured crooks; Gilbert Roland as his right-hand man, and Harold Huber as a tool of the gang. Frances Drake provides a smattering of romance to the picture in a satisfactory manner. Directed by Eugene Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ Song of the City

Chief recommendation for this picture is the good photography and the exceptional music, which pops up just when you think you might as well be leaving. The story is laid principally in Little Italy, a fishing community on the Pacific Coast, and the shots of the fishing boats and the lusty singing of the crews are outstandingly good.

As for the story, it concerns the doings of a ne'er-do-well young man, Jeffrey Dean, who thinks life is pretty futile due, principally, to the fact that he can't get away from a young lady, Marla Shelton, who only has three million dollars to her name. So he takes a quart of liquor and a boat trip to get away from it all, but falls overboard and is fished out by a couple of Italians, Charles Judels and his son, Nat Pendleton. They take him home and romance blooms between the daughter of the house, Margaret Lindsay, and our young man. But poor Jeffrey has a time, for he realizes that now he's going to interfere with Margaret's career as an opera singer, a career to which J. Carrol Naish, an ardent suitor, is staking her. Of course, Marla's still on his trail and the complications come thick and fast. All turns out beautifully in the end, but you become a little worried wondering if the end will ever come. The best characterizations in the picture are given by those in minor roles, notably Judels, Inez Palange, as his wife, and J. Carrol Naish. Directed by Errol Taggart.—*M-G-M.*

★★ We Have Our Moments

Remember the once-popular team of Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn? Well, they're back together again. It is a fortunate reunion for both of them, for they have the advantage of a neatly devised script which is full of good comedy and entertaining situations. Another and a more decided advantage is the presence

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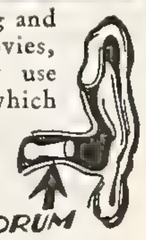
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of Mischa Auer, who is rapidly becoming one of the funniest of the screen's funny men.

The story centers around an ocean liner whose passengers include a vacationing school teacher (Sally Eilers), a detective (Jimmy Dunn), and a gang of crooks (David Niven, Thurston Hall, Marjorie Gateson and Warren Hymer). The gang conceals $100,000 in currency in Miss Eilers' trunk, and when the troupe arrives at Monte Carlo, Jimmy Dunn enlists the aid of a French detective (Mischa Auer). Most audiences will agree that this is Auer's most hilarious screen performance, and he manages to lift the entire picture to a high pitch of fun and excitement. Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers handle their romance nicely, and Warren Hymer gets laughs as a thug whose hobby is taking baths. David Niven is a suave English crook. Directed by Alfred Werker.—*Universal.*

★ That Man's Here Again

This is a melodrama which turns into a farce, but it does its turning too late to lift it out of mediocrity. Those who see it will probably go because of Hugh Herbert, whose highly individual comedy is the only bright light in the rather sordid proceedings. Herbert's mere presence on the screen brought shouts from the preview audience—they were that glad to have him around.

The story is laid in a large apartment building, and the plot begins rolling when Tom Brown, one of the elevator boys, discovers Mary Maguire, an unemployed and destitute young lady, hiding in the basement. He gets her a job as maid and they fall in love. One of the tenants is Hugh Herbert, whose main concern in life is to establish the identity of his two Ming vases. One is worth $10,000, and the other is a $6 New Jersey imitation. Herbert and his pair of Mings walk away with the show. With such a funny guy on their hands, it is to be hoped that his producers will see the light and put him in better surroundings. Tom Brown is pleasing as the elevator boy, and Mary Maguire, an Australian importation, has little chance to prove anything about herself. In the supporting cast, Teddy Hart and Joseph King are outstanding. Directed by Louis King.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ Git Along Little Dogies

Despite the title, you'll find nothing quaint in this picture, unless you count the delicious crooning Gene Autry throws in to steady your nerves.

To begin with, Gene's sore at Judith Allen for backing an oil well that'll spoil grazing for local cows. To spite Gene, Judith gets tied up with Weldon Heyburn. Judith's dad is town banker and that's what attracts Heyburn. It's Mr. H.'s diabolical plan to get all dad's money, make believe the well is dry, until the bank's lease expires, then buy it up for himself. Gene's agin' Heyburn from the start.

Neverthless, when he learns that the well will bring a railroad to town, his local patriotism gets the better of his animosity for Heyburn, and he helps sell stock in the well. Heyburn now spreads the rumor that the well is dry, and the enraged cowhands who've bought stock come after Gene with enough rope to hang his horse.

Poor Gene has an all-around hard time. Finally, after eluding a posse of cowmen, and knocking the spots out of Heyburn, he blows up the well, the oil sky-rockets, and Judith gets an oil-stained kiss. Western fans will get all that's coming to them, and then some, and Autry fans will agree this is Gene's best to date.—*Republic.*

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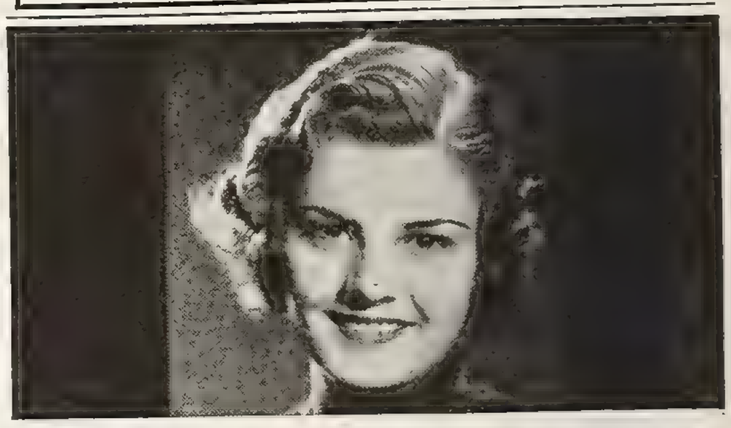
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Men of the Moment

(*Continued from page 21*)

that the Aherne is a fine technician. But there was something amiss, for Mr. Aherne still isn't in any sense a matinee idol even in New York.

Oddly enough, the very quality missing in Aherne crowned Errol Flynn a film idol in his first picture. This dashing young Irishman possesses an abundance of warmth and appeal. The same type as Aherne, they are as different as day is from night. Errol is what is known to the trade as a "natural," meaning limitless possibilities as to personal appeal.

Turning his back on Fate, Flynn does not even wish to be an actor. In fact he says, "This acting stuff is all right, but I really want to write. You know, I've just had my first novel published. Now, there's something I'm really proud of!"

This may sound strange coming from one who has so suddenly reached the top. If you talk to this Flynn guy for a few minutes you realize that he is very serious and knows what he's after. He really doesn't give a hang for this matinee idol business and would swap it all for a good trip to the jungles to hunt a few rough cats.

However, again it's the case of the idol not having much to say about all this. The public has claimed him and so Flynn's hunting trip must be postponed until he loses that certain something the fans clamor for —and losing "sax" appeal is about as difficult as shaking off the landlord if you're back in your rent.

ANOTHER hunter sharing top popularity honors is Clark Gable. Not that he has a yen to chase a roaring lion about, but he does enjoy shooting just for the sport of it.

Gable was fortunate in quite a different way from some actors. He tried, and for some time, to click on the stage, but never quite made the grade. There were years of struggle and a few good parts, but none good enough to make his name ring out on good ole Broadway. No one seemed to remember him once the curtain descended on the last act. So Clark deserted and went West for jobs in stock where there was at least steady employment. In the West he played the small towns and bided his time. Along came the eleventh hour, and, true to fiction, his big chance popped up. Clark Gable received an offer from the movies.

What Clark couldn't do on Broadway, he accomplished in Hollywood practically overnight. But he wants to remain the rugged he-man of the great open spaces and isn't at all pleased with drawing-room roles.

In drawing-room or jungle, Gable remains one of the most popular idols of the films. Nor can he, nor does he try, to explain it all. He just accepts it, taking it all in stride. Could it be that Gable came in when virility was on the wane and gave it to his public with a capital V? And if this is the case, will the tide turn and leave this idol stranded on the sands? No! Because Clark has that elusive charm which makes for great personal popularity.

While we are keeping abreast of the times, let's have a look at Francis Lederer. His career represents the antithesis of the aforementioned Gable struggle for recognition.

Lederer was an importation from the European stage and came to New York comparatively unknown. He was a hand-

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For Your Hands, Face, Arms and Shoulders

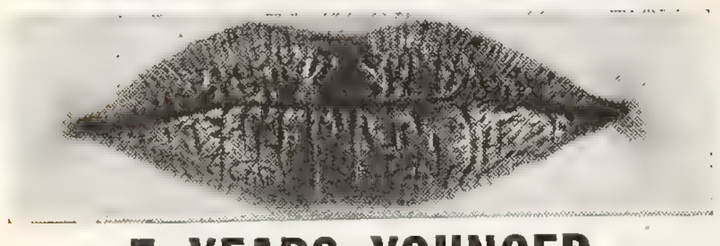
Ideal Powder Base. Its Pure, Soothing ingredients penetrate in a second. Leaves your skin satin-smooth. Use freely before and after outdoor exposure. First trial will convince you.



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CUTEX Lipstick

some guy, according to the rules of male pulchritude, of the distinctly Latin type. His appearance lent a romantic air to his altogether charming personality, and might in some small measure be responsible for his spontaneous success on the American stage.

With the opening of his first play, "Autumn Crocus," the first-nighters acclaimed him the idol of New York. He had warmth, appeal, charm and intelligence all wrapped up in a magnetic personality, and Broadway resounded with his praises.

Immediately, the movies claimed him for their own and off he went to Hollywood with proffers of good old California gelt, and bigger and better fame. Promises are sometimes like pie crust—easily broken—and there are none who know this quite as well as Mr. Lederer.

As a movie star, he proved a disappointment—that is, in view of the idolatry he received on his stage debut in New York. That same quality that endeared him to his first American audiences was completely lost before the camera. Try as he might, he couldn't seem to become an idol of the fickle films.

Like some of our other actors who, according to histrionics, are the tops, but according to the rules for the tops in film idols—well there is just something missing. He lacks that spark on the screen which enabled him to click so forcefully on the stage.

OF the newcomers, Tyrone Power is destined to become a very popular star. He certainly possesses everything that it takes to place him in the front ranks of the personalities. With only two important roles to his credit thus far, and more to come, he has made the ladies of the land sit up and take notice. He has, you see, that which Gene Raymond, a very competent actor who has played many good parts on the stage and in the movies, lacks—warmth, appeal and a subtle bid for your sympathy.

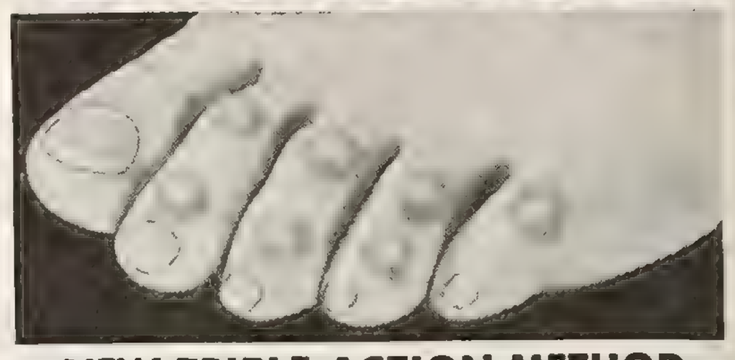
Whenever you see a large crowd of people surrounding some star, then you can be sure he is one of the lucky few—a real matinee idol. For there are stars and *stars*—the difference being that all stars are not idols. Box office records prove this in no uncertain terms.

There's no telling why some idols catch on and others, just as competent, fail to. However, my guess is that its neither luck nor an accident of birth. Personally, it seems logical that it's a combination of both. Some are born with that certain something and others arrive with nothing but a few lusty screams. It seems these lucky few that possess warmth of appeal are the idols for both reasons—stars born and lucky enough in birth to be gifted with that illusive something that crowns them the "men of the moment."

MODERN SCREEN
ON THE AIR!

Be first to hear the latest inside gossip about your movie favorites and those movies-in-the-making. Listen to "Linit's Five-Star Revue," featuring your Modern Screen Hollywood Reporter. Broadcast Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p. m. E.S.T. over the entire Columbia network.

CORNS



NEW TRIPLE-ACTION METHOD
Instantly Relieves Pain—Safely Removes Corns
Stops Corns Before They Can Develop

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Put these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads on sore toes caused by new or tight shoes, and you'll stop corns before they can develop, and prevent blisters. They instantly relieve pain and end *cause*—shoe pressure.

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GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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Stars' Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page 23*)

BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Grand National.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROMBERG, J. EDWARD: 20th Century-Fox.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BURNS, BOB: Paramount.
BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Paramount.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: United Artists.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANEY, LON JR.: 20th Century-Fox.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
CLARKE, MAE: Columbia.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: United Artists.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Republic.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORRIGAN, RAY: Republic.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: 6615 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DANTE, JEAN: Universal.
DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, JOAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: 20th Century-Fox.
DENNY, REGINALD: Columbia.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Paramount.
DIXON, LEE: Warner Bros.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DURBIN, DEANNA: Universal.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LEIF: Paramount.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: Grand National
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20 Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, GRACIE: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: United Artists.





FONTAINE, JOAN: RKO-Radio
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Gaumont-British.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount
FOSTER, PRESTON: 9101 Hazen Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: Grand National.
GALLIAN, KETTI: RKO-Radio.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Universal
GARLAND, JUDY: M-G-M
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GEORGE, GLADYS: M-G-M.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio
GRANT, CARY: Columbia.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
GRAVET, FERNAND: Warner Bros.
GREY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALL, WILLIAM: Universal
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: Hal Roach.
HARGRAVE, ROY: United Artists.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENIE, SONJA: 20th Century-Fox.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: 20th Century-Fox.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET, RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Paramount.
HOUSTON, GEORGE: Grand National
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE, Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P., JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, PHILIP: RKO-Radio.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
INESCORT, FRIEDA: Warner Bros.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JARRATT, JANICE: Universal.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEPSON, HELEN: Samuel Goldwyn.
JEWELL, ISABEL: Columbia.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED, Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Columbia.
KELLY, PATSY: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Columbia.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Republic.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KNOWLES, PATRIC: Warner Bros.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAHR, BERT: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LAMOUR, DOROTHY: Paramount.
LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
LANE, ALLAN: 20th Century-Fox.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY, Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: United Artists.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: Hal Roach.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: Hal Roach.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: Columbia.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LIVINGSTON, ROBERT: Republic.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORING, MICHAEL: Universal.
LORRE, PETER: 20th Century-Fox.
LOSCH, TILLIE: United Artists.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MADDEN, JEANNE: Warner Bros.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia:
MARCH, FREDRIC: Warner Bros.
MARGO: Columbia.
MARICLE, LEONA: Columbia.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTIN, TONY: 20th Century-Fox.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAUCH, BILLY and BOBBY: Warner Bros.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
McNULTY, DOROTHY: M-G-M.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: United Artists.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: RKO-Radio.

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Well-Known Artist Shows by Dramatic Comparison How Extra Pounds Can Transform a Skinny, Unattractive Figure to Normal Alluring Feminine Loveliness



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One of New York's best-known Poster Artists and Art Consultants

Why Thousands Have Gained 10 to 25 Lbs. —QUICK!

IF you look like the picture on the left—skinny, rundown, unattractive to the other sex—don't think for a moment that your case is hopeless. Thousands of men and women who never could put on an ounce before have gained 10 to 25 pounds of good, solid flesh in a few weeks with these wonderful new Ironized Yeast tablets.

In addition to their new normal attractive curves and feminine allure, they can also boast of naturally clear skin and lovely color, new pep, new popularity and joy in life that they never knew before.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are essential. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See your skin clear to natural beauty. Note new pep and energy. Soon you feel like a different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get the original Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitute. Insist on Ironized Yeast.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 36 Atlanta, Ga.

MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MINNEVITCH, BORRAH: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, JACKIE: Paramount.
MORAN, POLLY: Republic.
MORENO, ANTONIO. 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORLEY, KAREN: Paramount.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRIS, WAYNE: Warner Bros.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Universal.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at Grand National.
NAGEL, ANNE: Warner Bros.
NIESEN, GERTRUDE: Universal.
NIVEN, DAVID: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, DORIS: Universal.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Paramount.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: RKO-Radio.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: United Artists.
PATRICK, GAIL, Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PILBEAM, NOVA: Gaumont-British.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
POWER, TYRONE: 20th Century-Fox.
PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: Warner Bros.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYE, MARTHA: Paramount.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
REYNOLDS, CRAIG: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
RITZ BROTHERS, THE: 20th Century-Fox.
RITTER, TEX: Grand National.
ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: Columbia.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: Paramount.
ROWLES, POLLY: Universal.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, TOM: United Artists.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: 20th Century-Fox.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, DOUGLAS: 20th Century-Fox.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: United Artists.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Republic.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
SMART, JACK: Universal.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANWYCK, BARBARA, RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STEELE, BOB: Republic.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: Paramount.

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"There she is, sitting at home alone—the girl I left behind me forever when I discovered Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says lovely Louise A.* "I used to be a Cinderella, but now my friends say Marchand's brought out my true personality—I'm fascinating."

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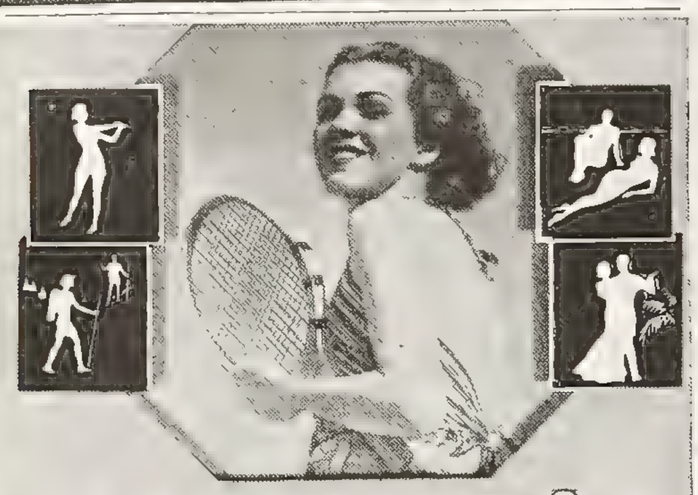
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ADDRESS

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STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: RKO-Radio.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TALLEY, MARION: Republic.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Universal.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
TYLER, TOM: Republic.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Columbia.
VINSON, HELEN: United Artists.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBROOK, ANTON: RKO-Radio.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Paramount.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Columbia.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WINCHELL, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: Universal.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WORTH, CONSTANCE: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, CHARLENE: Paramount.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.

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● Here's a wonderful new formula cream that removes freckles quickly but gently *while you sleep.* Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Day by day skin becomes fresher, clearer, softer. Soon freckles, along with other facial blemishes, disappear—usually in 5 to 10 days. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 37 years experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. ● Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 156, Paris, Tenn.

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Did you ever see—
Robert Taylor earning his bread and butter?
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Winchell fighting Bernie?
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These things, and many more, you will see in FOTO, America's smartest and biggest new picture magazine, which contains a special section of "off-guard" Hollywood candid snaps. In FOTO you will see your favorite stars as you have never seen them before.

But FOTO is not exclusively a movie magazine—far from it. In this first great June issue you will find exciting celluloid shots from all over the world—over 300 pictures; more than any other picture magazine! Sixty-four thrilling pages for a dime!

Special features include: "Roosevelt Romances"—why psychologists claim the President's family is endowed with a "happy virility"; "War is Hell—don't let it Happen"—a pictorial sermon of vital importance to all Americans; "Royal Playboy—the romantic photo-history of the Duke of Kent"; two pages of baby pictures; a pictorial explanation of "Why is a Woman Afraid of a Mouse?" and many others.

Buy this great June issue *today*—
(illustrated with Hollywood candid camera shots)

THE JUNE **FOTO** TEN CENTS

Good News

(*Continued from page 68*)

Society Note: Invitations from Scarlett Varden and Rhett Oakie for a "Come With the Wind" party, to celebrate a wedding anniversary in the Oakie menage, sent all their pals scurrying to the closet for costumes in keeping with the atmosphere and tradition of the South. No one knows yet just what the South had to do with the party, except that Colonel Oakie's hospitality was extremely Southern. All we know is that it's no fun drinking scotch and soda through a false beard. You can get the same effect by tossing off a beaker of mucilage.

■ ■ ■

Fashion Dept., for Men Only: In his forthcoming picture, "Saratoga," Clark Gable will display no less than twelve changes of ensemble, for the edification of he-man fashion addicts in the audience. Personally, we say it's a fine thing. For too many years guys have sat through epics watching Kay Francis change her garments. We've seen Myrna Loy slip into a new creation with her every mood. It's high time Man threw off the shackles of the double standard and asserted his equality. Are you listening, Adrian?

■ ■ ■

When you see "Kid Galahad," Edward G. Robinson's new picture, watch for a prizefight scene. One of the extras, cheering the battlers on, is Admiral Byrd. The Admiral, who has explored the earth's poles, but who will probably be remembered as the guy who popularized the penguin, was visiting the "Kid Galahad" set the day the prizefight scene was shot. They invited him to play an extra role, and he accepted.

■ ■ ■

Gals who patronize the beauty shop at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel sometimes get a slight shock when they look at the manicurist. At first glance, the customer thinks she's having her nails done by Miriam Hopkins. Of course, as the saying goes, she ain't. The little lady is Miriam's standin, and between pictures she files nails and startles people.

■ ■ ■

When Producer Harry Cohn of Columbia announced a Press preview of "Lost Horizon," he really meant it, much to the embarrassment of several members of the cast who wanted to get in and see themselves in action. It didn't matter much to Ronald Colman, who never goes to his own previews anyhow, but it was slightly uncomfortable for H. B. Warner, who found himself confronted at the door by a very determined Mr. Cohn. Isabel Jewell, who had been planning for a week ahead to see the preview, acquired cold feet at the last moment and saved herself the embarrassment. Mr. C. made it up to everyone a few days later, however, when he took the cast to San Francisco by special train, for the picture's premiere.

■ ■ ■

Tony Martin doesn't trust his friends any more, and it's all on account of his ambition to raise flowers. Recently he bought packages of seeds and planted them around his house. After several weeks of tender care, he discovered the stuff he was nursing along was onions. He suspects Alice Faye, but he can't prove anything.

■ ■ ■

Since Gene Autry is now the country's Number One Western hero, here's a little



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Soap Shampoo

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Fitch Shampoo

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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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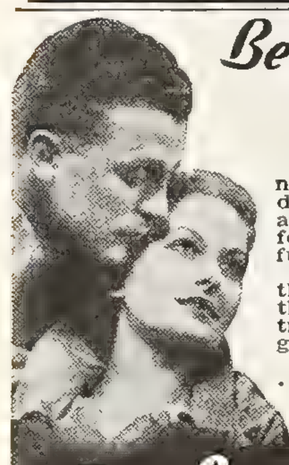
"Nay, my love, our subjects wait. Besides those ample robes conceal thy queenly shanks. But tomorrow morn, hie thyself to the shops and purchase a Run-R-Stop vanity, and thus avert future mishaps of this nature."



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Just an informal shot, claims Irene Dunne, but we'll wager she had quite a time making that bonnet sit straight.

item about him you might like to hear. A couple of months ago, a cigarette company invaded Hollywood to secure testimonials from the stars for an advertising campaign. And they did right well, signing up practically everybody who is anybody. But when they offered Autry $5,000 for a testimonial, he turned them down, using the most novel reason we've ever heard. He simply told them he doesn't smoke.

■ ■ ■

Is Nothing Sacred? Dept.: The flashy new roadster which Joan Blondell gave to Dick Powell last year as a wedding present is now being driven around town by Preston Foster. Dick sold it to Preston and bought a larger car. Mr. P. must be something of a diplomat, because the deal hasn't affected the Powell-Blondell happiness in the least.

■ ■ ■

Luise Rainer, it seems, took the Academy Award right in stride. The statuette was nice, and all that, but it didn't change Miss R.'s routine in the least. Day after the award, she was seen on the boulevard doing her daily marketing. If the Academy could see her going over a row of cabbages to pick out the choicest of the lot, they'd know definitely they had handed the award to the right gal. Her performance was, in a word, magnificent. And, inveterate cabbage-fanciers will tell you she always gets the best one.

■ ■ ■

Freddie Bartholomew is prouder of his friendship with Jackie Cooper than of any he's made in Hollywood. When they first met, Freddie was in great fear that Jackie might consider him something of a sissy. "But now," says Freddie, "Jackie says I'm a good egg. And," he adds, "I think Jackie is a real egg himself."

■ ■ ■

Ginger Rogers was kept on ice during the shooting of "Shall We Dance?" In it there's a wax image of the star used in several sequences, and since the Klieg lights are



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Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects.

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USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily.

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NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

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what they are, it's necessary to keep the figure almost constantly in the ice-box, with shots lasting no longer than a couple of minutes at a time. "Sure," said Ginger wearily the other day, wiping the perspiration from her brow, "I can melt right away, and who cares? But that thing! It gets all the attention in the world."

■ ■ ■

On the set where they're making "Venus Makes Trouble," Venus really *did* make trouble. Seems the Hays office wouldn't let the statue appear without something more modest in the way of apparel. So Pat Ellis fixed it up with a few necessary articles of feminine raiment—which left poor Venus in a worse state than before.

■ ■ ■

Now that Carole Lombard is playing the distressed lady in "Damsel in Distress," she has the distinction of being the second leading lady Fred Astaire has had since he started in pictures several years ago. Carole's contract allows her to make one outside picture a year, so she was grabbed for Freddie's dancing film. Incidentally, the Lombard-Astaire combination is the most expensive co-starring team in pictures. Fred is rumored to receive $250,000 per picture, and RKO is paying Carole $200,000. So if you're ever thinking of borrowing Carole Lombard, we thought you'd like to know.

■ ■ ■

Joel McCrea has decided to stop getting friendly with strangers. Recently, on a trip to Arizona with Frances Dee, he stopped by a roadside and inquired directions of an Indian. The redskin recognized Joel and invited him in for coffee. When they left, the McCreas asked their host to look them up if he ever came to Hollywood. A week later, Joe Little Hawk arrived with Mrs. Little Hawk and six littler Hawks.

■ ■ ■

Herbert Marshall's moved into Buddy Rogers' new Beverly Hills home, which quashes all rumors that America's Sweetheart and America's B. F. will make their honeymoon cottage there. It won't be at Pickfair, either, since there isn't room there for Buddy's polo ponies. So there're plans underfoot for building in the San Fernando valley when they return from England.

■ ■ ■

The romance between Owen Davis, Jr. and Anne Shirley still goes strong, in spite of all those nasty, nasty rumors. Owen appeared at the studio the other day with a miniature of Anne on ivory, in his wrist-watch case, from which the watch had been removed. "Gives me more time to think of her," he said. Cute, eh?

■ ■ ■

Ronald Colman's life isn't his own anymore; it's his dietitian's. For, while he's working in "Prisoner of Zenda," the gain or loss of a single ounce will be fatal to his expensive costumes—all skin-tight and tailored within an inch of their lives. The only meal he's allowed to have on his own is breakfast; grapefruit, toast and coffee. Lunch and dinner are provided by the studio, and there aren't many steaks on the menu.

■ ■ ■

True Love Dept.: They're saying around that Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have established a short-wave radio system to keep in touch with each other. Joan has a set at home, and Dick keeps his in his dressing-room. Imagine hearing over the radio that your husband won't be home for dinner.

■ ■ ■

Barton MacLane is evidently letting all these tough guy roles get him. The other night at a popular late spot, he hauled off

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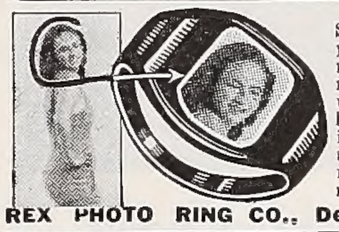
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and gave another customer a terrific punch in the jaw. Reason: the man was staring at him, and Barton affirmed that wasn't his night to be stared at. The girl he had with him was Irene Coleman, who the next day announced her engagement to Conrad Nagel. "It may not last," she said, "but at least he isn't the rough type."

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich is having no less than thirty-two costume changes for "Angel," her next at Paramount. But the difference is that not one of them is to be photographed or breathed about, until the pic is shown. Travis Banton has them all under lock and key and says the picture's release will rock the feminine world. Marlene, we understand, isn't so sure.

■ ■ ■

When Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas returned from location at Ketchum, Idaho, where they did the snow scenes for "I Met Him In Paris," they were full of tales of their prowess at skiing. They caught right on, they assured everyone at the studio, and their scenes in the picture were practically all first "takes." Then Claudette Colbert fixed things up when she threw a party for studio people which featured the premiere of the home movies she had taken at Ketchum. There were several excellent shots of Messrs. Young and Douglas, stuck head-first in a snow drift.

■ ■ ■

We've finally run down those rumors about Mae West. There *is* a new Mae. Proof that satisfied us was that she no longer will ask the lads to come up and see her sometime. For she's given up that sixth-story apartment in Hollywood, and moved into a Beverly Hills bungalow. And instead of lolling on white bear rugs in her leisure moments, Mae now devotes herself to raising vegetables in the back yard. It's all sort of beautiful.

■ ■ ■

Gail Patrick has just put her signature on a very fancy new contract. The document calls for twice her former salary and runs for two years without options. She will do five pictures a year, two of which must be "A" productions. An "A" production, in case you don't know, is a picture on which a producer spends more than the average amount of money and for which, naturally, he has more than the average amount of hope. In addition, all the Patrick personal expenses are paid by her husband —although she doesn't have a contract with him—which means that her entire salary is plunked into the bank.

■ ■ ■

On the "King of Gamblers" set recently we noticed two extras whose faces looked familiar. Discovered they were Louise Brooks and Evelyn Brent, both of whom were queens of the silent days. When they had fame and fortune they were generous with their money, and now they're glad to get the $7.50 per day which is the extra's stipend. And the picture's title lent an ironic note to the scene.

■ ■ ■

Sonja Henie is a lovely and ethereal creature on skates, but when she takes them off, she's one of the shrewdest business women in Hollywood. After touring the country in a highly profitable skating exhibition, she returned to her studio to make "Thin Ice," for which she's getting $85,000. But before the cameras started little Miss H. demanded a half-day's pay, which she claimed was due her from "One In A Million."

■ ■ ■

Spied Frances Farmer and Hubby Leif Erikson, morning after the "Waikiki Wedding" preview, looking over the nice reviews of the Erikson performance with their coffee. Afterwards, they climbed into the family car—and it wasn't the low-slung, diamond-studded roadster you might expect a successful young movie couple to own. It was an aged job, vintage about 1929. Of course, '29 was a very good year.

■ ■ ■

In "Cafe Metropole," Loretta Young plays an heiress. Even though she may not look like an heiress, she eats like one, according to the studio budget. For a scene in the picture, she had to eat caviar at a



So the ladies affected pants way back in Napoleon's days! Katharine Hepburn looks real wistful in this scene from "Quality Street."

cafe table. "Just nibble," instructed Director Edward Griffith. "No use wearing yourself out actually trying to eat it for the entire scene." But Loretta never nibbles, in spite of that famous figger. She tied into the caviar for every shot, and the bill at the end of four days' shooting was $67.

■ ■ ■

Victor McLaglen was exhibiting his fifty-three chest expansion the other day, on the "Wee Willie Winkie" set, for the amazement of the cast. Shirley Temple stood by for a long time taking in all fifty-three inches. Then she said, "Mr. McLaglen, is this the way you really look, or are you in disguise?"

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich won't let photographers snap her with daughter, Maria Seiber, anymore. It's not because Marlene doesn't love her offspring, but it seems Maria has grown so rapidly of late that right now she's as tall as her mother. And glamor queens simply don't have grown daughters.

Katherine De Mille, in her extreme youth, used to write reams of poetry. A few weeks ago she felt the Muse beckoning her once more, so she went through an old trunk or two to look over the stuff of her childhood. She was highly encouraged when she came across a sonnet which surprised her with its quality. It was really a De Mille epic. The thing pleased her so that she picked up a volume of Shakespeare, just to see how the other poets were doing. And, unfortunately, she discovered her sonnet. It was just as good when Shakespeare wrote it as it was a few centuries later, when Katherine had copied it.

■ ■ ■

It may not be news to report that Garbo has a new fan, but it helps the announcement when you add that the new admirer is Charles Boyer, who is co-starring with her in "Marie Walewska." It's Boyer's first picture with the Great One, and he's more than impressed. In fact, he's a press agent's dream, for he comes to the studio on days when he isn't working, just to watch the Garbo emote.

■ ■ ■

You wouldn't guess it to look at either of them, but Martha Raye and Leopold Stokowski are the best of friends. The Philadelphia Symphony conductor first noticed Martha when he discovered she was a collector of phonograph records, with a leaning toward modern classics. And Martha discovered the maestro when he told her swing music fascinated him, more as a phenomenon than a study, you understand. Anyway, he has presented Martha with several sets of records, and she has taught him a chorus of a popular swing number. There's talk around that it's "Mr. Ghost Goes to Town," but chances are the Philadelphia Orchestra won't include it in its repertoire this season.

■ ■ ■

Bumped into Jimmy Stewart after the "Seventh Heaven" preview. Between gulps of coffee, he explained he was the victim of the jitters, which overcome him every time he sees himself in a new screen role. "Every time I see myself pull a boner, I lose a couple of pounds," said Jimmy. "On the stage, a poor scene can be done over the next night, but this is different. It's like writing a check in indelible ink; there's nothing you can do about it."

■ ■ ■

Casting "Gone With the Wind" is still Hollywood's favorite pastime. Everyone in town is busy picking candidates for parts. Just when producers were agreed that Clark Gable was the logical actor to step into the shoes of the swashbuckling character, Rhett Butler, a little matter of contract turned up to give them more headaches. Clark, it appears, is much in demand in his own barnyard and his studio won't release him. Miriam Hopkins is the probable choice for the part of Scarlett O'Hara, but there's informal talk in some quarters of Norma Shearer returning to pictures in the role. The usual rumors are afloat that an unknown may finally be picked for this prize plum, but at the present writing, it's anybody's guess.

■ ■ ■

The latest society-film romance to culminate in wedding bells is that of Lyle Talbot, popular movie star, and Marguerite Cramer, New York socialite. The pair met shortly before Christmas and didn't seem to waste much time in making up their minds. A quiet wedding took place in the Davis home, during Easter season, before a fireplace banked with lilies. These society belles are making heavy inroads on Hollywood's desirable males and are giving the local girls plenty to worry about.

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